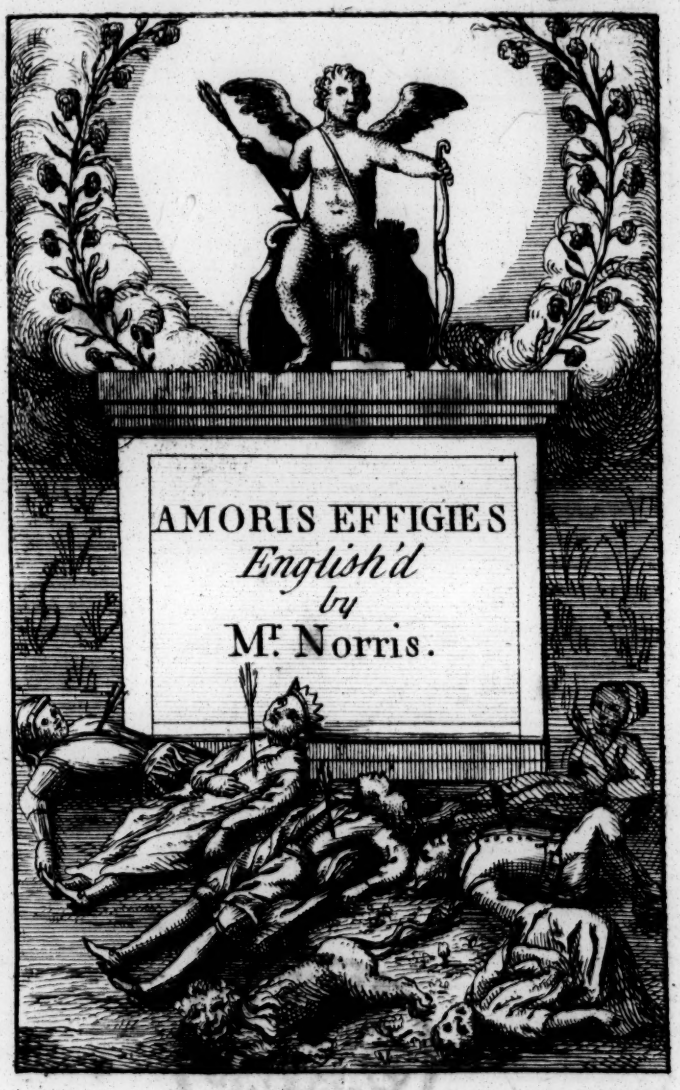
AMORIS EFFIGIES
English'd
by
Mr. Norris.

Warner (R.) K
12

THE

PICTURE of LOVE UNVEIL'D:

BEING

An ANSWER to ONE, who was very inquisitive to know what LOVE was.

Made *English* from the *Latin* of *Amoris Effigies.*

BY

JOHN NORRIS, *M. A.*

Late Rector of *Bemerton*, near *Sarum.*

The FOURTH EDITION.

To which are prefixed,

I. A brief Account of the AUTHOR and TRANSLATOR.; with a List of his WORKS.

II. Some Reflections upon LOVE and BEAUTY; by Way of Apology for this Kind of Writing.

LONDON,

Printed; and sold by J. WILFORD at the *Three-Flower-de-Luces*, opposite the Sessions-house in the *Old-Bailey.*

M.DCC.XLIV.

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The Epiſtle Dedicatory

TO

MADAM *M. A.*

MADAM,

THE Reaſon why I thought fit to Dedicate this Novel to a *Woman*, was becauſe the Subject is Soft and Feminine; but the powerful Biaſs which determin'd my Choice to *You* for its Patronage, were thoſe many and great Obligations which you have upon me; whereby, like Heaven, you claim a Right to all my Endeavours. I ſay a Right, for I am far from the Vanity of thinking this or any other Preſent I can make you, ſuch a *Free-will* Offering, as may, in the leaſt, pretend to be *Meritorious*. No, *Madam*, you have ſo much got the *Start* of me in Obligations, and have ſuch an anticipating *Mortgage* on the Reſidue of my Actions, that I can do you no Piece of Service, which you had not a Title to before: Like Votaries in Religion, who cannot burn Incenſe to the Gods, but with their own Perfumes. But though we are not ſo *Impiouſly* vain, as to think we oblige Heaven,

when we erect Altars, and conſecrate Temples; yet Religion allows us to expect, and the Divine Goodneſs vouchſafes us, favourable Acceptance. But to queſtion my Succeſs in that, were to meaſure your Goodneſs by the Narrowneſs of my own Merit; eſpecially ſince the Oblation is attended with ſo much Devotion, and, in the moſt *literal* Senſe, is all over *Love*. And this gives me Occaſion to ſay a Word or two concerning the Work itſelf. That which I here preſent you with, is the *Picture* of *Love*, a very excellent *Piece*, drawn to the Life in every *Feature*. This admirable *Picture* (ſo natural is Modeſty to great and true Worth) has a long Time concealed itſelf under a foreign Veil, by the Removal of which, I have added one Degree of Goodneſs more to its many Excellencies, *Communication*. Indeed, I thought it unreaſonable, ſince *Love* and *Religion* are Things equally implanted in the Hearts of Mankind, that the Myſteries of *one* ſhould be contained in an unknown Tongue, more than thoſe of the *other*. And now, *Madam*, I have one more Dedication to you, and that is of myſelf, who am with all imaginable Sincerity,

MADAM,

Your moſt Devoted

Humble Servant,

JOHN NORRIS.

The PREFACE.

THE *Author of this Tranſlation thinks fit to acquaint the Reader, that although he admires* Effigies Amoris *as an Author which for Sweetneſs of Fancy, Neatneſs of Stile, and Luſciouſneſs of* hidden *Senſe may compare, to ſay no more, with any extant; yet he has not been ſo* Judaically *ſuperſtitious, as to adhere to every minute Phraſe, or Particle of Senſe; contenting himſelf that he has not let any one Thought of* Moment *eſcape him. Juſtice to the Author requires the one, and the Privilege of a Tranſlator juſtifies the other. For certainly that verbal and ſervile Way of Tranſlating, is the worſt ridiculing of a well-penn'd Diſcourſe that can be, and ſerves for no End, but only to help out a deſpairing School-boy at a dead Lift. Yet leſt any ſhould ſuſpect this as a pre-contriv'd Apology for a too licentious Innovation, he would have them obſerve, that where the Author's Idiom will fall in naturally with our own (which is no Contradiction, for he does not take Idiom in that rigorous Senſe as Logicians do their* proprium quarto modo, *but only for a true cuſtomary Meaſure of ſpeaking, wherein Languages may ſometimes agree, and ſometimes not) he prefers it, which is enough to acquit him from that Charge. In the next Place, he deſires that none would pretend to criticize on the* Tranſlation *but thoſe who thoroughly underſtand the* Original; *and then he thinks he ſhall have but* few, *and thoſe* judicious *Criticks. For, certainly, the Senſe of this Author lies ſo far in, that 'tis not to be ſeen through by a* pur-blind *Apprehenſion, no nor by a* curſory *Glance of the moſt* quick-ſighted *Mind. His Thoughts are ſo numerous, ſublime, and depending, his Images of Things ſo fine-wrought and pathetical, his Method ſo ſecret and lurking, yet withal ſo accurate, that they require as much Advertency of Mind as a mathematical*

De-

Demonſtration. Nay, there are ſome ſuch myſtical and and exalted Conceptions in him, as can ſcarce be reached but by a Reader almoſt Dieted *into a* Platoniſt, *and as* Des-Cartes *ſays of his metaphyſical Meditations, cannot be underſtood as they ſhould be; but by a Mind ſequeſter'd from all* Commerce *with the Senſes. The judicious Reader will think this no Hyperbole, when he ſhall find that after he has thought himſelf poſſeſſed of the very* Mind *and* Soul *of the Author, upon a Review or more leiſurely Inſpection, he will diſcern new Thoughts like little Stars glimmering out of the rich* Galaxy, *and ſpring a* Mine *of* undiſcovered *Senſe. And then the found Treaſure, beſides the Sweetneſs of Conqueſt, will abundantly recompenſe the Pains of the moſt diligent Inquiry. Here you have* Love *traced through all its various Notions and Acceptations, and repreſented in the moſt perfect and refined Idea of each: The Meaſures and Offices of Friendſhip ſtated, true generous Friendſhips diſtinguiſhed from thoſe Mercenary and ſenſual Aſſociations, which uſurp that ſacred Name, ſuch as* Plutarch *calls* Εἰδωλα καὶ μιμήματα φιλίας, *the* Idols *and* Apes *of Friendſhip; an Account of almoſt all Pathology, wherein the Paſſions are ſo ſweetly repreſented, as to make a* Stoick *in* Love *with them; and all this performed with the* Accurateneſs *of a Moraliſt, tho' with the* Elegance *of a Rhetorician. To mention but one Commendation more, which muſt not be omitted;*

Nil dictu fœdum viſuve hæc limina tangit.

Here is nothing immodeſt or obſcene, no Thoughts which would forfeit a State of Innocence, *or profane the* Cell *of an* Hermit. *In the moſt ſenſitive Images of* Love *and* Paſſion, *the modeſt* Apelles *has drawn* Venus *but to the* Waiſt. *But 'tis impoſſible to repreſent this* Author *as well as he has done* Love; *neither indeed does he need any commendatory* Paſs-port, *he carries Worth enough with him to approve him to all thoſe that underſtand him.*

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR and TRANSLATOR.

I. Of Mr. *ROBERT WARING.*

MR. *Robert Waring*, the Original Author of the following Book, was the Son of *Edmund Waring*, of *Lea* in *Staffordſhire*, and of *Owlbury* in *Shropſhire*; and born in the former County. In the Year 1630, and of his Age 17, he was elected from *Weſtminſter*-School a Student of *Chriſt-Church*, *Oxon.* where he took the Degrees in Arts, and afterwards bore Arms for King *Charles* the Firſt, within the Gariſon held there. In 1647, he was elected Proctor of the Univerſity; and in the ſame Year Hiſtory-Profeſſor, but deprived of both, and his Student's Place, by the impetuous Viſitors, authoriſed by Parliament, when they came to that Univerſity, under Pretence of reform-

ing it. He afterwards retired to *Apley* in *Shropſhire*, upon the Invitation of Sir *William Whitmore*, a great Patron of diſtreſſed Cavaliers; liv'd there obſcurely for a Time, and buried his excellent Parts in the Solitude of a Country Life. Afterwards he travel'd with the ſaid Perſon into *France*, where he continued about a Year; and returning into *England*, ſickned ſoon after, and died in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*; from whence he was conveyed to the Place of his Interment, in the Church of St. *Michael-Royal*, on *College-Hill*, in *London*, *May* 10, 1658, Dr. *Bruno Ryves* (afterwards Dean of *Windſor*) performing the funeral Office. He had the Character of a moſt excellent *Latin* and *Engliſh* Poet, but a better Orator; and was reckoned among the great Wits of the Univerſity.

As to the Performance, of which the following is a Tranſlation: It was firſt printed at *London*, about the Year 1649, under the Title of *Effigies Amoris*; *ſive*, *quid ſit Amor efflagitanti Reſponſum*; and publiſhed from the Original *Latin* Copy by Mr. *John Birkenhead*, at the Deſire of the Author, who would have his Name concealed becauſe of his Loyalty. A third Edition of it was publiſhed ſoon after the Reſtoration, by Mr. *William Griffith* of *Oxon*, with an Epiſtle before it, written by him to the ſaid *John Birkenhead*, then a Knight, wherein he gives not only a juſt Character of the Author, but alſo of Sir *John*. A fourth Edition was printed at *London* 1668; and in 1682, Mr. *Norris* firſt publiſhed this his *Tranſlation* of it; of whom we ſhall now give the following ACCOUNT, which is all we can gather concerning him at preſent; and conclude with a general Liſt of his Writings.

II. Of the Revd. Mr. *JOHN NORRIS*.

THE Reverend Mr. *John Norris* was Son of *John Norris*, Rector of *Auberne* or *Aldbourne*, in *Wiltshire*, and was born at *Collingborne-Kingston* in that County, in the Year 1657. He was educated at *Winchester* School, whence he was removed to *Exeter-College* in *Oxford*, 1676. In 1680 he took the Degree of Batchelor of Arts, and was then elected Fellow of *All-Souls-College* in that University. In 1684, he took the Degree of Master of Arts, and entering into Holy Orders, became Rector of *Newton St. Lo*, in *Somersetshire*, and afterwards of *Bemerton* near *Sarum*; which Rectory he enjoyed during the Space of Twenty Years, and died in the Year of our Lord 1711, and of his Age 54, as appears from the following Inscription on the Monument erected to his Memory, in the Chancel of the Parish-Church of *Bemerton* aforesaid, which we lately very kindly received from the present Rector.

H. S. E.
Johannes Norris
Parochiæ hujus Rector,
Ubi annos 20 benè latuit,
Curæ Pastorali et Literis vacans;
Quo in Recessu sibi posuit,
Latè jam per Orbem sparsa,
Ingenii paris ac Pietatis
Monumenta.
Obiit Anno { *Dom.* 1711,
{ *Ætatis* 54.

The ACCOUNT we have of his WORKS is as follows, *viz.*

1. The Picture of Love unveiled; being a Tranſlation of Mr. *Robert Waring*'s *Effigies Amoris.* 2. A Meditation of Life and Death, tranſlated with ſome Alterations out of the Works of the learned and ingenious *Euſebius Neirembergius.* 3. *Hierocles* upon the Golden Verſes of the *Pythagoreans.* 4. A Murnival of Knaves; or Whigiſm plainly diſplay'd and burleſqu'd out of Countenance. 5. *Tractatus adverſus Reprobationis abſolutæ Decretum.* 6. A Sermon preached before the Univerſity of *Oxford*, on *Midlent-Sunday*, 1685. 7. An *Engliſh* Tranſlation of the four laſt Books of *Xenophon's Cyrus.* The four firſt Books were tranſlated by Mr. *Francis Digby*, of *Queen's-College.* 8. A Collection of Miſcellanies. 9. The Theory and Regulation of Love. 10. Reaſon and Religion. 11. Reflections upon the Conduct of Human Life; with a Viſitation-Sermon at *Bath*, 16[illegible]. 12. Chriſtian Bleſſedneſs; or, Diſcourſes on the Beatitudes; with curſory Reflections on Mr. *Lock*'s Eſſay. 13. The Charge of Schiſm continued; being a Juſtification of the Author of Chriſtian Bleſſedneſs. 14. Three Volumes more of Practical Diſcourſes. 15. Two Treatiſes concerning the Divine Light. 16. Spiritual Counſel; or, the Father's Advice to his Children. 17. Letters concerning the Love of God. 18. An Eſſay towards the Theory of the Ideal or Intelligible World. In Two Parts. 19. A Philoſophical Diſcourſe concerning the the Natural Immortality of the Soul. 20. A Treatiſe concerning Chriſtian Prudence. 21. A Practical Treatiſe concerning Humility.

SOME

SOME REFLECTIONS UPON LOVE and BEAUTY:

By Way of

APOLOGY for this Kind of Writing.

IT is not a ſingular Sentiment, but a received Opinion of the wiſer and better Part of Mankind, that a Subject more noble and delicate than *that* of honourable Love, cannot enter into the Heads or Hearts of Men and Women; nor can a Theme more ſweetly pleaſing, or more exquiſitely elegant, employ the Pens of the moſt ingenious, or the Eyes of polite Readers of either Sex: Thoſe who peruſe the Works of the beſt-ſpirited Writers, muſt have remarked with Pleaſure, this pretty Paſſage in the celebrated *Cato* of Mr. *Addiſon:*

The Strong, the Brave, the Virtuous, and the Wiſe,
Sink in the ſoft Captivity together.

Amidſt

Amidſt the Conflicts which this Paſſion excites in human Breaſts, this ſoft Captivity is the agreeable and welcome Portion of our Sex, and Victory is the glorious Share of the other. Thus, while the ſtrong, brave, virtuous, wiſe Men joy and pride themſelves in becoming the voluntary Captives of the Fair; the ſtrong, brave, virtuous, and wiſe Women need not certainly be aſhamed of their Conqueſts. I join the Epithets *ſtrong* and *brave* to Women; firſt, becauſe that finer Half of the Species may compare Records with the other at any Time, and count with them *Heroines* for *Heroes*, whoſe Actions ſhine as eminent, and blaze as illuſtriouſly bright in Story; And, ſecondly, becauſe I am likewiſe authoriſed in it by the moſt fine and *well-bred* Expreſſion of the greateſt inſpired Sage that ever lived, *Solomon*, who (when he charmingly ſays, *A ſtrong and virtuous Woman, who ſhall find? Her Price is above Rubies, and ſhe deſerves being ſought for to the uttermoſt Bounds of the Earth*) ſhews that it is the higheſt Point of Wiſdom to endeavour to attain her. *Wit*, therefore, is certainly employed with *Wiſdom*, when it is directed to this End; and all *Eſſays*, that are made to win lawfully upon the Affections of good and valuable Women, are not only what we *Authors* may very commendably write, but *Philoſophers* themſelves may read, and own themſelves pleaſed at reading, without the leaſt Offence to their Gravity and Prudence.

What I have remarked, is abundantly ſufficient to correct the wrong Judgment of ſome Men and Women, and to argue and convince them of their being too rigidly devout, and too auſterely (not to ſay moroſely) wiſe, who miſcall every *Compoſition* of this Nature, a vain Endeavour to pay *Idolatry* to *Beauty*, which

which they unreaſonably fall out with for being tranſient, as all the beſt Bleſſings and Poſſeſſions beſides on this Earth are. What is this better than a prepoſterous Complaint againſt the fineſt Eyes, becauſe, though they ſhine like Stars, they do not laſt as long, and enjoy not as much of their Duration, as they poſſeſs of their Luſtre. Theſe are the People, who would ſuperciliouſly forbid all the written *Raptures* of this Kind, though they are honeſt and mannerly as they are natural. This ill Opinion of a ſevere *elder* Sort of People, in one Extreme, took its Riſe firſt out of a too-far-carried Spirit of Oppoſition to the ſtill worſe Opinion of a gayer Set of *young* People, who had run into a contrary Extream, and valued no *Performances* but what ought to be contemned, and were written in a vile unmannerly Spirit of Debauchery. Theſe erred vehemently on both Sides; the firſt ſeemed to think, there was no ſuch Thing as being *grave*, without being *dull*, becauſe the ſecond knew not how, according to the Proverb, *to be merry and wiſe*. The Mirth of one was turned into Diſſoluteneſs, and the Sobriety of the other into Sadneſs; as if there was no Medium between a Libertine and a Stoick, between an Epicure and a Cynick, or in more common Words, between an airy ill-bred Rake, or a ſurly ill-bred Clown.

The wiſeſt *Philoſophers* among the Antients, thought of *Beauty* and *Love* after a more juſt, and a more refined Manner. In the Opinion of *Plato*, Beauty *is a human Splendor, amiable in its own Nature, that has the Power to raviſh the Mind through the Eyes.* We are told by ſome Authors, that the divine *Socrates* was charmed ſo far with *Beauty*, as to be in love with *Theodata*, the then reigning *Belle* of *Athens*. The grave, the ſtern *Cato*, had ſuch a profound Reverence

rence for *Beauty*, that he was often heard publickly to profeſs, *It was no leſs a Crime to injure it, than to ſack a Temple.* A *Patriot* and a *Philoſopher* that could ſay ſo fine, ſo good, and courtly a Thing, deſerved to be the Father of ſuch Daughters as *Porcia* is deſcribed to be by our *Shakeſpeare*, and *Marcia* by our *Addiſon*.

But the great Difficulty an Author of this Sort lies under is, how to manage ſo tender a Point, and while he is treating upon thoſe charming Subjects of *Love* and *Beauty*, ſo to demean himſelf as not to offend the niceſt Ear: For what Fire, and yet what Purity of Thought; what a vehement Ardour, and yet what Chaſtity of well-weighed Words and Expreſſions; in fine, to ſay all at once in two beautiful Words of *Pliny*'s, what a *Sanctity* of *Manners* muſt reign throughout all ſuch Love-Pieces?

How far the Author before us, has acquitted himſelf in this Way, I muſt refer the Reader to the elegant *Encomium* given of him in Mr. *Norris*'s Preface; wherein he has exhauſted any Thing that I can farther add upon that Head: But thus far I muſt obſerve, that as that curious Writer, and excellent Divine Dr. *Spratt*, did not think it any Diſcredit to him to ſay, *He was not aſhamed to commend Mr.* Cowley's *Miſtreſs*; ſo we may likewiſe preſume, that he could have been in the leaſt diſpleaſed with the following polite *Eſſay* upon *Love*; eſpecially as it was thought not unworthy the Amuſement of ſo modeſt and ſo ingenious a Writer as Mr. *Norris*.

THE

THE PICTURE OF LOVE UNVEIL'D.

Somebody being very inquiſitive to know what LOVE *was, the Author returns him this Anſwer.*

I Am too ſenſible of the *Wanton* Tyranny of *Imperious Love*, and with what ſevere Trials it conſtantly exerciſes the Affections. But altho' to *Love* be as great a Labour as any of *Hercules*'s, ſince it continually impoſes new Taſks and Pilgrimages, allots us moſt *Rigorous* Services, and perverſely contrives to pleaſe with Cruelty: Yet nevertheleſs we are well content (we who have ſworn Allegiance to *Love*) that it freely exerciſe this its unlimited Dominion, that ſo the Auſterity of the Impoſitions may magnify both its own Sovereignty and our Compliance. Let it command us what is in our Power, and what is not in our Power, (except this one thing, not to *Love*) neither let it exact any thing below a Miracle, ſince with the Command it gives Ability, elevates the Mind above it-

ſelf, and makes the Man commence a Deity. So that he deſerves not the Name of a *Lover*, who does not act beyond the Sphere of All, and riſe up to his Wiſhes by Heroical Undertakings. No, he is but a Novice in *Love* who does not act ſomewhat above himſelf in Obedience to his Paſſion.

But you *(my Friend)* with Equity redemand a draught of thoſe Affections which you your ſelf firſt taught me, tho' diveſted of your own Grace and Elegancy. Is it becauſe it will be ſo delightſome to you to contemplate the reflected Image of your ſelf, which is as lively engraven on my Devoted Breaſt, as on an Adamantine Table: And will it ſo pleaſe you to take a nice and Critical Survey of me as far as I may appear the Workmanſhip of your own Art? Or is it becauſe your Image can receive no Diſadvantage from any Blemiſh of the Matter, but like the Sun gilds even the Spots themſelves with its Luſtre; that you will not, like a peeviſh Lady, be diſpleaſed at your Looking-glaſs, for preſenting you with Deformities which are none of your own, and as it were *Burleſquing* your Face? I know not how it comes to paſs, but we have a Kind of *Love* for the very decrepit Shadows which are the reproach of our own Bodies, and are apt to pay a more awful Veneration to maimed Statues. So Parents are commonly more tenderly affected toward their miſ-ſhapen Children (as if Nature had ſo order'd it as a Solace to Misfortune) and treat theſe Monſters of the Womb with greater Reverence, as if they were the Preſages of ſomething Extraordinary. Whereas all others deride the tranſported Maſs of a diſtorted Body, the *Anagram* of a Man. Certain there is ſomething Sacred in Deformity. The Prophets thought it more Divine than any Beauty, more fit to repreſent the Grandeur of a Deity, and render an Oracle Majeſtick. It does at once ſcare Mortals and lecture them,

them, and challenges not ſo much our *Love* as our Adoration. Every one is the moſt pleaſing Object and charming Spectacle to himſelf, and the Eye ſeems to be priviledged with the Pleaſure of the Mind, while it reflects its Sight upon it ſelf, being at once the Object and Beholder. Whatever that is which by ſhewing us to our ſelves doubles our Embraces, muſt needs be highly pretious. But if it repreſent us maim'd and defective, it acquires a new Value from the very Shew of Injury or Antiquity. I am not therefore a little indebted to Nature for making my Mind a *blank Table*, tho' for no other Reaſon than this, that it might receive ſo much of your Image, whereby it might delight both it ſelf and you. But *'tis a Prodigy* (they ſay) *when Images once begin to ſpeak.*

And indeed I find it far eaſier to *Love*, than to expreſs that which delights only to be perceived, not to be ſhewn; and becauſe lodged in the Receſſes of the Heart, diſdains to admit the Tongue to be its Conſort. That, which none of us have learnt from Precedents and Inſtructions, but then only begin to know, when we have all experimented it. You would ſay *Cupid* were not only *Blind* but *Dumb*, ſince he renders every Member of the Body vocal except the Tongue. Hence 'tis that *Lovers* with more Eloquence communicate Sighs than Words, as ſo many Internunciary Particles of vital Air, and like Doves of *Venus* mourn forth animated Letters. Hence 'tis that they keep a *ſilent* Intercourſe with their Fingers, now eloquent without a Pen, and weave Dialogues in little Poſies. They hear one anothers mutual Wiſhes, and read one anothers viſible Souls, by thoſe vocal Meſſengers of the Affections, *affable* Nods, and *darting* Smiles. Sometimes their *ſignificant* Geſtures, compos'd as it were of ſo many Rhetorical Figures, court in a various and myſterious Dialect. Sometimes their ranging

Aſpects are earneſtly fix'd on one another as on Strangers, and while they ſeem to diſown all Acquaintance, grow familiar by Stealth. Sometimes their contracted Brows pretend a Paſſion, yet they do but all the while *induſtriouſly* fawne, and *deſignedly* wait for delicate Pleaſures. Sometimes their Souls, interchangeably gliding from their Eyes, take a Curſory Taſte of *Bride kiſſes* at a Diſtance, and bring home their ſtollen Sweets with a Triumph. 'Tis at once their greateſt Boaſt and Pleaſure to remain undiſcover'd. Thus, That which has ſo oft appear'd in Theatres, does ſtill decline Spectators, and acts its Plays in its *own* Diſguiſe. Methinks theſe Divine Converſers enjoy a Priviledge above the Laws of Human Commerce, thus to hit one anothers Meanings by moſt infallible Tokens, to pry into the very inward Parts, and to entertain themſelves with a *Divination* rather than a Conference. For they are mutually diſcern'd by the clear Viſion of Thought, before they deliver themſelves in Words, or know how to counterfeit; and their Wiſhes become viſible like Phantoms, but withall, like ſome Pictures, cannot be underſtood with leſs Art than was uſed in the making. They uncaſe themſelves of their Bodies, like Gods quitting their Shrines, and not only expoſe themſelves to View, but intermix, and infuſe a Soul into each other with every Accent. Their wandering and extatic Souls freely paſs to and fro as 'twere within the ſame Body, and converſe as ſoftly as in a Soliloquy. This one Paſſion cannot poſſibly be expreſs'd, but is as a Myſtery to be adored, whoſe Rites, like ſome of greateſt Antiquity among the Gods, are ſhrowded, no leſs than Crimes, with a baſhful Secrecy. All *Love* has its Veil, and the Votaries of *Venus*, like *Æneas* go ſurrounded with a Cloud, and in the moſt popular Concourſe enjoy a Concealment. Neither does *Cupid* content himſelf

ſelf with a ſingle Veil, but loves to view wounded Hearts in *Maſquerade*, and to ſecure himſelf inviſible. So that *Love*, to whoſe Friendly Influence the orderly Syſtem of the Univerſe owes its Compoſure, has left it ſelf in Confuſion, bury'd in the old Chaos and Primitive Obſcurity.

Venus has hitherto avoided the Sun as a Betrayer of her Secreſy; and to prevent Diſcovery, ſome God or other has ſhut up *all* Kind of *Love* as well as that of *Paſiphae*, in a Labyrinth, where if it chance to be taken, it appears all over intangled with Nets and Toils; or confuſedly wrapped up like a Monſter. Indeed every *Lover* is a Riddle and a blind Problem to himſelf. He lives *Amphibiouſly*, and is made up of contradictory Paſſions, wafted up and down by thoſe alternate Tides of his Breaſt, ſo that from him you may learn that contrary Winds and *Seditious* Waters gave Birth to *Venus*. Is it ſo that the ſame Perſon is enſlaved, and yet acts with all Freedom, is Maſter of his own Will, yet at the ſame Time ſubject to anothers, and, like the manumiſs'd Slaves of Emperors, purchaſes his Power over his Miſtreſs by a long Apprenticeſhip of Servitude and Compliance? Is it ſo that the ſame Perſon, by an happy Contradiction, is at once both dead and alive, and *Phœnix*-like makes himſelf a *vital* Funeral-pile, that he may revive more Nobly from his Flames? Is it ſo that there is ſo much Madneſs and *Maliciouſneſs* in the Deſires of *Lovers*, as to wiſh them miſerable who are moſt dear to them, only that they may have an Opportunity to relieve their Misfortune? Firſt to inflict a Wound, that they may be the Authors of its Cure? To wiſh them deſerted of their Friends and Fortune, that they may ſucceed in their Room? So that *Neceſſity*, rather than *Courtſhip* and *Merit*, may allure them into their Embraces? 'Tis hard to know whether you have to deal

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with a Friend or an Enemy, ſince the ſame Part is thus enviouſly acted by Hatred and too ardent Affection. 'Tis ſomewhat unkindly done to deprecate the *Love* of others, that he himſelf may engroſs all, and to forbid and implead all other Companions as encroaching on his peculiar; nay more, ſtudiouſly to contrive how to prevent the growing Wiſdom of his deareſt, leſt it ſhould occaſion a Contempt of himſelf. For 'tis expedient that the Perſon *Lov'd*, as well as the *Lover*, be blind. How alſo does the feveriſh and Love-ſick Breaſt labour under the alternate Paroxiſm's of Heat and Cold. Neither is there any *Love* without a mixture of Indignation. He curſes (and that deſervedly too) his pleaſing Tormentor that ſcorches him in theſe Flames, and ſnatches him from himſelf; but ſtill, like the Fly, he loves to ſport about the *dazling* Brightneſs, and from ſo Divine an Author to *enjoy* a Noble Ruin.

The unhappy *Lover* ſeeks for himſelf out of himſelf, and lingers on purpoſe to be caught, that he may have the Happineſs of redeeming himſelf; and knows no better way to be next to himſelf, than to approach as nigh as he can to the Poſſeſſor of his Heart. He finds it a difficult thing to *Love*, and much more not to *Love*, but the greateſt Difficulty of all is to *acquieſce* in the Fruition of his *Love*. He cannot be otherwiſe than miſerable, ſince the iſſue of his Deſires is as uneaſy to him as the Deſires themſelves: So that ſhould auſpicious Heaven favour him with a ſucceſsful *Love*, he preſently wiſhes again for his former Diſquiets, and ſeems to miſs that pleaſing Torment, to *ſigh* and *languiſh*. So much more pleaſant is it to be always *advancing* towards an Enjoyment, than to be *lock'd up* in the *Chains* of an Embrace. And truly every one thinks more highly of his Deſires, than the Accompliſhment of them. No Condition certainly can make him happy,

py, who pines at Fruition it ſelf, as depriving him of his Sighs and penſive Pleaſures. And this is the hard Misfortune of all *Lovers*, who tho' never ſo much the Favourites of Fortune, yet can never be happy thro' the *Conſpiracy* of their own Minds.

How ſtrange is it that he ſhould ſhun the Preſence of that Perſon as ſome boding Object, whoſe Aſpect is yet the very *Manna* of his Soul, and the Rays of whoſe Face he thinks more pleaſant than thoſe which ſaluted him at his Nativity! What a *Paradox* of Unhappineſs is this to be Maſter of ones Wiſh, and not be able to enjoy it! Why 'tis that Majeſtic Beauty which does at once invite and diſcourage; 'tis the Brightneſs of that ſerene Face which like that of the Sun, does at once refreſh and dazzle the Beholder. The poor Votary ſtands aſtoniſh'd with the Dread of ſo great Divinity, which his own Fancy has cloath'd with an awful Horror; Thunder-ſtruck like a *Cyclops* with Bolts of his own forging. His Paſſion has Deifi'd his Miſtreſs, ſo that now the Enjoyment ſeems too great and excellent to be made uſe of, and he begins with a Kind of Envy to become his own Rival. A Religious Concern awes him from Embraces, and the *Superſtition* of his *Love* whiſpers him in the Ear, that what he takes for his Deity muſt not be approach'd with Corporal Addreſſes, but only by the *Sallies* of Thought.

Certainly this Paſſion is favour'd with the peculiar Care of Heaven; ſince it has mingled a melancholy Trembling with its Joys, only to enhance and refine the Pleaſure. Hence 'tis that the Deſires ſo torment, as that they alſo pleaſe, and the Sweets are ſo beſet with Prickles that they alſo allay our Complacencies. They are ſparingly imparted to us, yet ſo as Ladies Faces, which are only more *openly* hid thro' their thin ſilken Veils. So that 'tis their Fortune at once to have

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and want, ſince they aſpire at greater Bliſs than can poſſibly be enjoy'd at once. Theſe little *Antepaſts* of *Love*, to ſit by, to walk with, to gaze upon, and to ſpeak to her, are permitted only one at a time. And after all this, the languiſhing and reſtleſs Mind, ſatiſfied neither with gazing nor converſing, aſpires unto ſomething more Divine, which is both out of her Reach and Knowledge. This is, (I know not by what Deſtiny) this is the proper Infelicity of *Lovers*, that becauſe they never uſe to lay hold on any Happineſs but in a Dream, they *Sceptically* diſtruſt their moſt real Delights, treat them as tenderly as if they were Dreams and Shadows, refuſe to be impoſed upon again, and are *afraid* even to *enjoy*.

This very Paſſion which compoſes all other Commotions of the Mind, which Civilizes Men, Brutes, and Philoſophers, is at Variance only with it ſelf, and weds together Things of an unlike Nature in a jarring and untunable Union. Do you upbraid our *Lover* with Effeminacy, whoſe Arms are fretted only with Embraces; who always breathes out either Perfumes or Sighs; who is ſtruck down with the Menaces of a ſlight Frown, and the Glance of an Eye? Know that he is alſo hardy and Maſculine, who can endure his careful Vigils, patiently expecting at the Door all Night for the Day-break of his Miſtreſſes Eyes, and exerciſing his Mind with ſuch an unwearied Repetition of cuſtomary Hardſhip, till he become greedy of freſh Encounters. He delights to ſupply the *Dearth* of Fears and Troubles by his *fruitful* Imagination, to turn the Hazards of his Health into ſo many Arguments for his *Love*, the Paleneſs of his Complexion into a Mode of Courtſhip, and by Miſery it ſelf to *demonſtrate* himſelf a *Lover*.

Do you call him ſtupid, becauſe he's as much affected and inflam'd with Blows and Flouts as with the greateſt

greateſt Endearments of Kindneſs? Believ't, he's become all Soul, or at leaſt a Celeſtial Spark of Fire, which is inſenſible of Strokes; or if that ſound ridiculous, know that 'tis the Philoſophy of *Love* to conquer Anger with Kindneſs, and extinguiſh one Fire with another, but a more Noble one. This does notwithſtanding rather argue the great Fervour, than Stupidity, of the *Lover*; for as Injuries diſregarded wear off, ſo lovingly receiv'd are changed into Favours; or, as all hard things, are broken upon a *yielding* ſoftneſs.

Why do you ſtill exclaim againſt him as mad and blind, becauſe he dotes upon the very Blemiſhes of another, as ſtarry Ornaments, collects a Beauty out of Defects, and by a good-natur'd Miſtake, like a *Panegyriſt*, graces a Fault with the Name of a neighbour Virtue? Let his Miſtreſs be never ſo careleſs of herſelf, the *Artificial Lover* ſtill repreſents her to himſelf in the moſt lively Ornament of additionary Beauty. But you with too much rigour require a *Cenſor* inſtead of a *Friend*, and *Judgment* inſtead of *Affection*, by envying the *Lover* this happy deluſion wherein he ſo pleaſes himſelf. Let him impoſe upon himſelf this commendable Cheat, and frame a more than ordinary Idea of her in his Mind, whom he intends there to adore and contemplate with a more than ordinary Devotion. Painters ſhould not draw Faces too *Conſcientiouſly*, but now and then beſtow a favourable Stroke, *flatter* the Original, and ſo poliſh the Table, till by its ſhining Smoothneſs, it become a Looking-glaſs rather than a Picture.

You miſtake, if you think the Eyes of *Lovers* are blinded; no they are only mask'd, and ſo ſee the more clearly and ſecurely through their Avenues and Loop-holes. You may rather think them contracted, as the manner of Archers is, that they may take the

ſurer aim. When they ſtand fix'd on one Object, 'tis not through Blindneſs that they ſee not the reſt, but a diſdainful and voluntary Neglect. When the Eyes weary themſelves with gazing on one ſingle object, and, as 'twere of ſet purpoſe, grow *Bankrupt*, and lay out their whole ſight upon it, that they may never ſee any thing beſides, this is not to be blind, but to ſee too much. If the Entertainment of Philoſophy be nothing elſe but to contemplate Idea's, ſure no Employment ſo Philoſophical as to *Love*. Yea more, if every one *Loves* juſt as much as he underſtands, then what is counted the *Madneſs* of the Affections, is indeed an Argument of Knowledge, to be vehemently *Love-ſick*. Hear the Stratagems and Sieges of *Lovers*, equal to the Conqueſts over Kingdoms; look upon the Train of Captive Ladies, daily led in Triumph, as ſo many living Trophies of their Wit, who muſt firſt be *deceiv'd*, before they can be taken, and be brought *unwillingly* to what they deſire. So much would they rather be wheedled than plainly *lov'd*, and be circumvented with Wiles and Subtilties, before they are with Embraces. Think, if you can, what Enthuſiaſtick Strains are inſpir'd by a Miſtreſs, what an Itch of Poetry ſhe excites in the Paſſions of a Wounded Breaſt, and teaches it to make Wanton Sallies in Odes and Epigrams. Ambitious of ſuch an Enthuſiaſm, you will cry out with the Poet, *O grant I may be in Love*: And ever after invoke *Cupid* inſtead of *Apollo*. You maliciouſly err, whoever you are, and take the Myſteries of a Divine Ecſtaſie for the Wild Ranges of an Unhing'd Mind. *Love* does moſt luckily, without any Conſultation, diſpenſe his Motions, and with an unerring Hand darts forth Human Hearts, though Blind, and ſo not capable of hitting the Mark by Aim. For his Hand is directed not by the Eye, but ſome Divine Inſtinct, neither is

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he ſteer'd by Reaſon, but acts by ſomewhat more Divine, like God himſelf who is not endow'd with Reaſon, which would betray him into Error, but proſecutes whate'er he does by a moſt Infallible Tendency, and owes not his Wiſdom to the *Chain* of Deliberation.

How agreeably do theſe two things conſpire, to *Know* and to *Love*! Since it ſeems the Prerogative of God, and, next to him, of a Wiſe Man, who knows, as certainly as the Oracle, who's Beſt; for to *Love* any beſides the Beſt is impoſſible. This is that only He, who paſſes a Judgment as even, and as true, as the Laws of Fate. He cannot be ſaid to *Love*, who is miſ-led by his Opinion, and who makes an unſuitable Choice; or which one time or other he muſt neceſſarily hate.

For the Union of *Lovers* knows no more how to admit of a Divorce, than the moſt ſolemn Marriage. The Virginal Zone is no ſooner unloos'd, but there ſucceeds another Knot, which like the Gordian one, may perhaps be cut aſunder, but never unty'd: For although Death can do the former, yet it cannot the latter. The *Love* does not dye with its departed Object. His Conſort will not ſeem Old to him, when indeed ſhe is, and that Spring of Beauty which is now faded into an Autumn, will be kept in his faithful Mind freſh and verdant; and he will Love with his *Memory* at leaſt his now diſguiſed and almoſt unknown Wife. Nay even after the laſt Separation, his *ever, ever* ſurviving Friend ſhall live in his tenacious Memory, as if he were divided from him only by the little Intervals of Abſence: And as often as he embraces his ſweet Phantaſm, he will not yield him dead. You do nothing, ye Fates, we ſtill continue our Commerce, we are ſtill a loving Couple; you have robb'd others of a Man, but me not ſo much as of a

ſhadow. Before we had but one Soul betwixt us, but now but one Body. He is lodg'd in me as in his Star or Orb.

And now *Love* ſeems to have made its Circle, always returning whence it began, reſembling the Motions of Heavenly Bodies, it ſo ends in it ſelf that it always begins. For he is no *Lover* who can one time or other *Love* leſs or not at all. *Love* has not as other things any End or Satiety, neither is it like Hunger and Thirſt to be allay'd by its Aliment. It is never glutted with its Gratifications, but is ſtill whetted on with freſh Delights: and as if the Object were always new, the *Lover* enjoys a daily *Epicuriſm* on his admired Face. There is a continual Spring in his Delights, a continual Thirſt in his Appetite, and he always finds out ſomething more to be fond of. He is always in Motion like the Heavenly Bodies and a Contemplative Mind, never reſts, never grows weary, but is refreſh'd by his Labour. He makes the End of one Kindneſs but a Step to another, till inflam'd with a double Ardour, he firſt dotes on the Perſon, and then on his own Benefits.

'Tis neceſſary that *Love* be immortal, either becauſe 'tis vow'd to Eternity, or becauſe it always undergoes the changes of Death. For who is there that does not know that the laſt Will and Death of a *Lover* muſt be dated from the Time, when he breathes out his Soul in his laſt Sigh to be received by the Mouth of another, makes him compleat Heir of himſelf, diſpenſes his Goods, ſending them before as Harbingers, whither he is prepared to follow? He has the Divine Priviledge of Prophets to be rapt out of himſelf, to enjoy a perpetual Ecſtaſie of Life, and to be emptied of his own Soul, that he may be more happily repleniſh'd with anothers. I believe the Tranſmigration of *Pythagoras* may be thus verifi'd, not by his

Philoſophy

Philoſophy but by his *Love*. For then his deſultorious and *Quickſilver* Soul ſhifting it ſelf at pleaſure, of the bodily Caſe as of Cloaths, repairs haſtily to its pleaſanter Retreat, and more fair Receptacle, as to the Grove of *Elyſium*. No Perſon can be happy before *this* Death, which is occaſion'd by Love and Philoſophy. The latter does it by diſengaging the Soul from the Body, now all diſſolving in the Contemplation of Amiableneſs: The former, by ſending forth to the Embraces of its fair Object. Thence ariſes a Loathing, hence a Flight and Riddance of himſelf. On each Hand there is an aſpiring to a Fate Noble and void of all *Neceſſity*, and Phœnix-like, an ambitious longing for Death. At the ſight of a more Elegant Structure, like a delicate and nice Lady, he nauſeats his own Apartment with a *proud* uneaſineſs, and then wanders out into the florid Regions, where, ſince it was not his Happineſs to be born, he will ſojourn 'till he grow old in them, or by repeating the Rudiments of his Life, be *re-born*. Whoever you are who will not admit theſe Excurſions of fugitive Souls, do but obſerve more narrowly how the Soul collects it ſelf all to that place, where ſhe approaches neareſt to her Deareſt. If they joyn Hands, you'd ſwear their *palpable* Souls diſtributed themſelves into the Fingers on purpoſe to take faſt hold of each other. If their ſides be contiguous, you'll perceive an Exultation of their Hearts, and their Spirits mutally trooping thither in an hurry, violently beating, and like Ruſticks ſaluting one another with Strokes; ſtriving for Vent, till they almoſt break Priſon to get forth. By what Charm is the ſuddain and *Extemporary* Blood ſummon'd up into the Cheeks at the ſight of that dear Creature, and as the Hand of a wounded Heart *points* at the Striker, no otherwiſe than as the revengeful Blood of a ſlain Man vents it ſelf upon the Murtherer? With this only

only Difference, that one of theſe Crimſon Souls by I know not what Inſtinct haſtens after Revenge, and the other after a Cure. Obſerve again how greedily their Souls, keeping Centinel in the Ears lie at Catch for Words, and by and by turn themſelves into them; interchange Spirits while they hold Conference, and inform the very deſires which they utter. Obſerve again how their Souls, in a perpetual Emanation glidding from their Eyes, waſte themſelves in Paſſionate Glances, and ſuffer many a faint ſwoon with gazing. 'Tis one and the ſame thing with *Lovers*, to ſpeak and expire, to dart themſelves out, to gaze and be transform'd into the Spectacle. So impatient is the whole Man of Departure, that ſometimes he ſhifts himſelf into the Eye, ſometimes into the Ear; and lives only in *that* Part where he enjoys his Conſort. Thus *Love* teaches Men a more *Compendious* knack of living, and makes them content like ſome Inſects with one only ſenſe. Yet this is not to maim the Man, but to render him more Divine, by the fewneſs of Organs required to the Function of Life.

But that which occaſions a ſweet Detriment in the Body, gives Inlargment to the Soul. Which, though formed for one Breaſt, now diffuſing it ſelf by a kind of Expanſion, informs another, *redoubling* its Life. She knows not in this confuſed *Miſcellany* of Bodies, for which ſhe was at firſt made, ſo that in all *Love* there is Improvement. Whoever *Loves*, becomes forthwith a Number by himſelf. Like *Antipheron* he carry's about with him his daily Company, and enjoys his other ſelf as his Mate, if that may be call'd a Number which is computed with the ſame Counter, which one only Man diſtiguiſhes, placed here and there by turns. It happens by a fruitful Error to *Lovers* as well as *Drinkers*, that all things appear double to them, but withal ſo double, as the Eyes are, which have but one Motion, one Viſion. Here

Here you may ſee two running into ſo cloſe an Embrace, that they incorporate and become one, and ſo *loſe* their Embraces in the undiſtinguiſhable Folding of their Arms. While after the Lot of *Salmacis* 'tis the ſame that does deſire and is deſired; he knows not whether he more truly *Loves* or is *belov'd*, neither does he *enjoy* but is *changed* into his Wiſh; Piſh you put a trick upon me now, *Cupid*, with your Exceſs of Munificence, while you hide that within my Breaſt which I ſeek to embrace. You are too Propitious, do ſomething of a contrary Nature, that we may be two, that we may perceive our ſelves to be what we wiſh. 'Tis prejudicial to a *Lover* to enjoy too much. 'Tis prejudicial that he whom I would have my Partner, ſhould be all one with my ſelf. Always thus to will and nill the ſame has no ſociety in't, but much of a *Ridiculous* tedioufneſs. When we would *conſult*, we do but *aſſent* by Courſe, and inſtead of being mutually officious, we are ridiculous to one another. Methinks I embrace a Shadow inſtead of a Friend, which always preſſes me cloſe at the Heels, and imitates all my Motions. Withdraw a little from me, O my Friend nearer to me than myſelf, *wiſh* as *well* to me as you can, but prithee *Love* me a little leſs.

But O what a profitable Bill of Exchange has this *Cupid* the *Uſurper* of Hearts! Whence the ſame Plaſtick Virtue of Cementing Souls which out of many makes one, diffuſes alſo one into many! So 'tis the ſame Unit which, uncapable by it ſelf of Computation, is yet the Principle of Number. So Multiplication and Addition belong to the ſame Art. Neither do we think this a Damage, but an Advantage, and perhaps a greater, to have our Strength collected, than extended at large. The more ſimple every Thing is, the more perfect. To tranſcend the Bounds

of

of all Space and Number, is the property of God. Whatever is the beſt and chiefeſt muſt be one.

And as *Love* is honour'd with the Perfection of chiefeſt Unity, ſo is it with another, that of ſelf-communication. For whatever is perfect has ſtill one way to become *more* ſo, and that is by Diſtribution of its ſelf. 'Tis an Addition to its own Fulneſs, to inrich and impregnate others. Hence 'tis, that the generous Mind born as it were a Common Patron to Mankind, and as prone to *Love* as worthy of the *Love* of all, invents a ſtrange kind of Liberality, to give away it ſelf to another: Which is indeed the only proper Good a Man has to beſtow, and *Primitive* Donative. All other things are Foreign; and come not within the Incloſure of Property, which we can no more truly give than the Sun or Common Air, and which we have ſcarce right to *uſe*, but are guilty of Rapin when we preſume to *give* them, as being the Gifts of Heaven and Fortune.

Whoever *Loves* makes a nearer advance to a Deity, and therefore, God-like, is wholly intent on this one thing, to be Beneficial. And therefore they who are well diſpoſed in Mind, as well as thoſe of healthy Conſtitution, feel an ingenuous Itch of Generating, that is of venturing their thoughts, are ſtill under the Travail of the Brain, and the *Chaſte* Deſires of propagating Virtue. There is in fruitful Minds, as in quick-flowing Fountains, a certain active Principle and reſtleſs Spirit, which always puſhes them forward to Effuſion. So far is *Love* from proceeding from Indigence, that 'tis a Word which denotes Abundance, and greatly relieves the Wants of Nature: Unleſs you will call Remedies themſelves Diſeaſes, becauſe joyn'd with them. Why ſhould we complain any more of the Illiberality of Nature, ſince he has granted this ingenuous way of Commerce to Mankind, wherein every

every one ſurrenders up himſelf and receives another (for in *Love* we don't laviſhly beſtow, but exchange our ſelves) and whatſoever in another is more excellent, transfers into his own Repoſitory? He inherits anothers Wealth, decks himſelf with ſuppoſititious Endowments, and ſupplies his own Defects out of anothers Store.

But unleſs I am deceiv'd, there is no ſuch thing as Traffick and Merchandize in Friendſhip: Neither is this *Love's* Motto, *Love that you may be Belov'd.* No we give freely, without any proſpect of Gain, all that we are to another, with a deſign of Communication only, though with the *Lot* of an Exchange. For what is more liberal than thoſe Patterns of *Love*, God and our Parents? Whoſe Kindneſſes, exceeding all Gratitude, can only be Adored, never Repaid. Yet even there, where all Endeavours of Retaliation would be *Impious*, there is ſomething of Return, ſince the Votary, at once the Workmanſhip and Maker of his God, does deify him by Adoration. And ſo he that owes the Good of a ſhort Life to his Parents, repays them with a *Poſthumous* one, being not ſo much the Inheritor as Preſerver of their tranſmitted Soul. See how the Vine, now no longer the Tree of *Bacchus*, but *Cupid*, ſurrounds the Maſculine Prop with a thouſand Arms, and courts it with Amorous Embraces, that ſhe may afford the better Protection and Ornament to its Supporting her. She brings no other Encumbrances than her juicy Pearls, and refreſhing ſhades, whereby ſhe defends it from the Incommodities of Weather, which ſhe ſuſtains her ſelf. So that, to ſpeak properly, *Love* does rather *bring* Aſſiſtances then *ſue* for them. Whence it paſſes for a Badge of State, and becomes the part of Superiours to be more willing to *Love*, than to be *Lov'd.*

Go now, you that think Men are not Sociable out of a Principle of Benevolence, but that like the feebler ſort of Beaſts, they herd together for ſuccour: Know that *Love* whom heretofore you took for a Boy, is long ſince grown up to maturity. Know that from theſe Altars is proſcribed whatever is infirm, or of the worſer Sex, or of the weaker Age, as barren Oblations, and Reproaches *Profanely* Pious: Neither may Children, Women, Old men, or (what's more infirm than all theſe) one of an ill Mind, liſt themſelves under *Cupid*'s Banner. What an odd contention of Kindneſs will there be, where to Conquer, and to be Conquer'd are both full of ſhame, and Flight more creditable than either? What kind of League or Society can there be amongſt thoſe, who have nothing common but this *one* thing *to live?*

But what ſhall we ſay of that toyiſh and impertinent Age, which changes Companions as often as Play-games, hourly; which is pleas'd with human ſhapes in Arras as fine Company, but is affrighted with real Men; whoſe unacquaintance with the cauſes of *Love* and *Hatred* is the Merit of its Innocence, and a Virtue deſerving pity. Which becauſe it deals its affection to all as Parents, claims a Parents Indulgency for all, not yet ripe for Friendſhip. Although even this pretty erring Benevolence may ſeem the *Rudiments* of Kindneſs, and the *Nonage* of Friendſhip.

What of that other too ſevere Age, not leſs troubleſome to others than to itſelf? That Age I mean, which only dotes upon a Staff, or if on a Man, 'tis for the ſame end, that it may have ſomething to lean on. Which falls out with another at every Fit of the Gout, and querulouſly blames the poor *Lover* for what is its own Diſeaſe, Which with a Mind as tremulous as Body ſuſpects every thing, which ſtands upon the Guard even at the Offices of Kindneſs themſelves

ſelves as at the Arts of Inſinuation. To be too officious in pleaſing the Man of this Seaſon, is to anoint the Dead. He always envies me the freedom of my Youth, or corrects it by the Pattern of his own that's paſt, always nibling at my Manners, that he may opportunely boaſt his own and ſo becomes too much my Rival, One would think him Dead ſometimes, to hear him talk of his Chronicles and rehearſing his old Epitaphs. I am continually plagu'd with his rugged Admonitions, no leſs than with his Jarrings and Snarlings, and all on this ſcore, becauſe I do not grow old faſt enough to dye with him for company. He importunately urges me to Reſemble him in his *wrinkled* Severity, and that *Virtue*, ſhall I call it, or *Diſeaſe* of Old Age? *To be wiſe and Meroſe*. Methinks I ſtand preſented before a Magiſtrate, and am under a *Cenſure*, not a League of *Society*. But what more Cruel *Mezentius* is this, who betroths Carcaſſes to warm Embraces? And in the *Jubilee* of a ſprighty Life enjoins Dotage and Counſel? What unreaſonable Controller is this, who commands me to live Backward with a Man of another Age? Whom to be Familiar with, is Indecent, and whom to Reverence at a Diſtance, is to *Canonize* him above the confines of *Love* and *Humanity*. But as the pleaſure of ſorting with equals, gives young Minds an early Foretaſte of a more Mature *Love*; ſo it may ſeem the laſt Effort of a decay'd Heat, either out of Complaiſance to accommodate their Dotage to the Scandal of Youth, or to Cough in Conſort with thoſe of the ſame Age, and to enjoy at once the Remembrance and Envy of their paſt Amours. For they have nothing now to do (having with much regret receiv'd their *Mittimus*) but to be preſent at others *Loves*, to Miniſter to others the *Philtres* of Advice, and to ſigh, to teach them ſoft Embraces, and to languiſh for the deſire of them.

For theſe Mortify'd Skeletons ſtill miſerably pant with the Relicts of their Flames as of their Lives, which do not inſpirit them with any preſent Vivacity, but rather ſhew they did once Live, and ſo apply the Marriage-Torch of *Cupid* to the Pomp of a Funeral.

But, O *Cupid*, O *Hymen!* What unequal Torches do you kindle? A Man with a Woman! This is not to unite but to deſtroy. Theſe are a couple more unhappily match'd than the Soul with the Body; whoſe Fellowſhip, while it gratifies her, degrades and diſhonours her, and in a pretence to ſerve, cheats and prejudices her. There's ſo much diſproportion, that a Woman can't fill the other Scale of the Ballance without additionary Gold. There's need of a Dowry and ſtipend to theſe Embraces, theſe Careſſes. This is a Felicity to be bought, we don't admit you to it *gratis*. Neither is a Woman to be eſteem'd a *Conſort* to a Man, but belongs to the *Inventory* of his *Goods* and *Chattels?* The Furniture of his Bed-Chamber, and Ornament of his Table. She ſerves inſtead of a little Shock to divert ones ſelf withall, not to employ any part of ones Life about. She ſhould be regarded only at thoſe dull Hours, which Nature has alloted for Grief and Sleep. My Miſtreſs is welcome at Supper-time or at Night, that time I'll throw away on her which would be loſt otherwiſe. She can ſcarce fill up theſe *Intervals* of Life, theſe *Parentheſies* of Reſpite, and little *Blanks* of Action. She is added to the taſks of rigorous Nature, and helps on the loſs of our Time, more than Eating or Sleeping. Shall I call this a Wife? By the leave of the Female Academy I'll tell you plainly what I think. I believe theſe *Expletive* Particles of Mankind were put into the World for no other end than Flyes, only to prevent a Vacancy. I ever took this frivolous Impertinent to be a certain middle Animal, which like a

Centaur

Centaur compounds a Man with a Beaſt, and detains him as it were within the Confines of both Natures and a Metamorphoſis. Will you call this Society, whereby a Man gains this *one* thing not to be *alone* ? 'Tis more than enough for them if they can but own the Force of Reaſon and ſubmit to it, though they never uſe any, and like Creatures naturally wild and ſavage, can be made tame and civiliz'd by familiarity. There's nothing in them deſerves ſo much Caution, as leſt they ſhould grow wiſe, or know any thing beyond bare Silence, and the *Simplicity of* pleaſing.

Friendſhip is too ſacred a thing to admit of any Embraces, though Innocent, which it ought to bluſh at if obſerv'd. 'Tis a Flame too Noble to be attended with any Levity, nay, 'tis a Marriage too ſtrait to admit any Difference of Sex. 'This is the higheſt work of Reaſon to make choice of ſuch a Perſon, whoſe Conduct you would rather uſe than your own, to whoſe Will you would always conform ; or even to know how to wait ſo long till you can chooſe a fit object for your *Love*, and after that ſo to *Love*, as one that's hurri'd with bare Paſſion, not ſteer'd with Judgment, as one that's ſo far from Apoſtaſie that he is always beginning his *Love*. This is to joyn Impatience with Conſtancy, this is to receive the belov'd Idea imprinted in the Mind with more Exactneſs, and to retain it with more Faithfulneſs, than Wax. Beſides, 'tis alſo the Work of Virtue to ſtate one Meaſure of Deſires, to preſerve an exact Uniformity of Manners through all the various Scenes of Fortune, and laſtly ſo to harmonize two, that (what *one* can hardly perform) they may act *one* Man. Theſe muſt of Neceſſity always Will the ſame, becauſe they will only the beſt things. There muſt needs be alſo between them the greateſt Freedom of Communion, becauſe they communicate what without envy they poſ-

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ſeſs, their Virtues; and ſo with greedineſs they *Covet* an Effuſion of theſe Goods of their Minds, till the Candor of their Souls like the Light of Heaven improve it ſelf by an inceſſant Emanation. Add to this, that the League of this Rational Friendſhip will be firmer than the Stoical Chain of Deſtiny, ſince the perpetual Alliance of Souls is not here founded upon having the ſame Parents, but the ſame Principle of living, Reaſon, and (what has a more Vital Influence) the being endued with the Deſire of the ſame Excellency rather than with the ſame Blood. The having the Breaſt rather pant with the ſame Deſires, than the Arteries beat with the ſame Spirits. The having a Share in the ſame good and bad Fortune, a more indearing Inſtance than a common offspring: You come ſhort of the Myſtery, if you think the ſame Soul, or the ſame divided reſides in two bodies, 'tis more, they have the ſame Soul in two Bodies, *one* and *uniform*. You'd think even the *envy* of Thought could not abſtract them, ſince there is nothing left to diſtinguiſh them. For whatever diſtinguiſhes would at length divide them, nay 'twou'd make them conceive a greater diſguſt againſt each other, like Half-brothers, from the very nearneſs.

In vain are Friendſhips and Alliances, as all other Virtues, pretended to by Vicious Men: Who are provok'd to mutual Hatred and Animoſity by having the ſame Pleaſures, as much as by having the ſame Miſtreſſes. To have the ſame thing commodious to both (though this be ſomewhat more Divine than to have the ſame common Parents) breeds Envy from their unlucky Fellowſhip, and Quarrels greater than thoſe mutual Pillagers, Birds of Prey or Coheirs. No third Perſon will envy but wonder at their Conjunction, nay and will hardly grant them joyn'd any otherwiſe than Fellow Sailors in the ſame Bottom,

tom, recommended to each other by Fears and Dangers; whom, as ſoon as Landed, the Succeſs of the Voyage will diſengage; whoſe Society will ſuffer Shipwrack from the Land-tempeſt of Intereſt and Traffick, and be diſſipated into various Climates by the greater Love of Countries than of Men. With what Conſtancy can you think they will adhere to others, who were not mov'd to this Sociable Humour from a Principle of Benevolence, but a great wearineſs of themſelves? They can hardly endure the *Penance* of their own Company, and therefore ſtrive to loſe themſelves among Crouds, not uſing the Nicety of Choice, but catching at the firſt Opportunity of Refuge. For who can pleaſe them who don't like themſelves, who abhor the Inſtances of unſpotted Morality as unlike their own Actions, and upbraiders of them, and therefore dread them as Malefactors do the Magiſtrate? And as for Actions reſembling their own, (ſo great is their Fear to be try'd even by Imitation) they put from them as Rivals to prevent their own Extruſion, and fly them as Deformity does a Mirrour. This is the firſt Puniſhment of Immorality, by its own Sentence even amongſt Men to be adjudg'd to the worſt kind of Solitude, treacherous Society. 'Tis the Fate of an ill Man to do all this in vain; To cheapen the good will of others with a *Tale* of Services, to let his mercenary Soul for a little Hire and fair Words, diligently to attend his Friends, yet ſo as he cleans Shoes, and rubs down his Horſe as Things ſerviceable and belonging to his Eſtate; in fine, to do all this only for his own Ends, and (which is the uſual Fate of great Benefactions) to loſe all through Ingratitude, and among theſe amorous Addreſſes to Fortune, to burn with an Hatred and Loathing of himſelf. Would any one now joyn himſelf to him *another* ſelf, whom he ſees thus diſagreeing with himſelf?

ſelf? Would any one be ambitious of his *Cruel* Benevolence, by whom he would not be lov'd with the ſame Mind wherewith he ſtands affected to himſelf? Whoſe ſerene Looks like thoſe of *Mars* and Fortune, he muſt be jealous of, and enjoy his Delights as timerouſly as Treacheries, or ſuch which the next Blaſt or Sunſhine will ſcatter or diſſolve. Methinks I ſee the ill match'd Pair exactly reſembling a ſpread Eagle, with ſtriving Embraces, like Faces, both averſe from each other as in a Divorce, contrary Tendencies always avoiding and always pulling one another back. Diſſolve ye Gods this unhappy, this forc'd Connection, and ye Painters the bolder Artificers, Half of the Monſter will flee away and deſert it ſelf, and then 'twill appear they ſtumbled upon one another by Error, not met out of Choice. O deform'd Prodigy of *Venus!* Naure abhors theſe Inceſtuous Conjunctions more than the monſtrous Productions of Creatures of a ſeveral kind. Nothing is more unhappy than this ſort of Lovers, who like the Emperors of Old Time, or like Birds betroth themſelves here and there at random, but on a ſet time, and with due Ceremony, and yet preſently after the Seaſon is over diſingage again; When the Heat is abated there enſues a new Ardour of Divorce. Their Affection endures no longer than the ſhort-liv'd Guſt of the Banquet, when they are ſatiated they muſt riſe. For they don't know all the while what 'tis which they paſſionately long'd for. Their caſual Affection ſprings from the Madneſs of their Deſires, like *Venus* from that of the Waves. 'Tis cheriſh'd and kept alive by Miſtakes, and no ſooner throughly known than diſapprov'd. To ſpeak freely, whoever *Love* through Brute Tendency or Diſeaſes, do rather burn and rave together in a *Fever*, than conſent in the Harmony of *Affection*.

It is enacted by the ſevere Statute-Law of Nature, as well as the Edict of *Lycurgus*, not for the Luxury but the Diſcipline of the World, that no Man ſhall be without his *Lover*. How well is it, that there is the ſame Neceſſity impos'd upon us of *Loving* and *Living*, and that the ſame radical Heat proves *Amorous*, as well as *Vital!* The *Epicureans* who could be contented without the Protection of the Gods could not yet endure to be without *Love* whom they might adore, and in whoſe Religion they might more ſweetly entertain themſelves. So much more willing are we to make our own Deities, than to receive them made to our Hands: And becauſe 'tis Natural to us to be actuated by the Inſtinct of *Love* and *Religion*, we uſe the ſame Zeal of Superſtition in both, and rather than want an Idol to adore, we adopt the moſt unworthy and ridiculous Things, Cats and Dogs, and whatſoever was Idoliz'd in *Ægypt*, into the Liſt of our Friends and Houſe-hold-Goods. Nay ſo great is the Impatience of *Love*, that the poor homely *Gellia* for want of better Servants makes a Gallant of her Looking-glaſs, and, what *Ægypt* would be aſham'd of, adores a Creature more Monſtrous than any of *Nile*, *Herſelf*. But 'tis a venial Sin, we are all Guilty of the ſame Madneſs, and would rather Doat fooliſhly, than *Love* nothing. Whatever you will or nill you muſt neceſſarily will ſomething, ſince in your very nilling ſomething is deſired. The reſt indeed of our Paſſions are diſpoſed of at our Pleaſure, or elſe eaſily dwindle away conſumed by their own Violence. Grief, if it refuſe to yield to Reaſon, yields at length to Time, to Hatred. Hatred through the Diſturbance of Choler or Fear becomes troubleſome, firſt to it ſelf. And Fear, not to mention any other Remedy, may be cruſh'd by the Evils themſelves, and overcome by its own Greatneſs harden, and be cured by Stupidity.

Anger the moſt impetuous of all either by Wearineſs is tam'd into Clemency, or being ſatiated dies, leaving like the Bee its Life in the Wound. This one Paſſion which grows luxuriant in Croſſes, and bloſſoms more deliciouſly under Preſſures, not given to us as the reſt were, to be ſubdu'd; grows up into a Neceſſity and *voluntary* Fate. It freely parted with its Liberty, which it quite ſpent in the Election of that, which with an immortal Deſire it might at once poſſeſs and proſecute: which it might wiſh never to have the Power to hate. And now *what Modeſty or Meaſure is there in Deſire?* whoſe Efforts if at any time miſplaced, yet at leaſt with a generous Error they aſpire to all as the moſt excellent Objects. Of which he is unworthy who is not arrived to this *Hyperbole* of Madneſs, ſtill more and more to deſire, and yet to think he deſires not enough; ſtill more and more to enjoy, and yet not to be content with Enjoyment, and to careſs himſelf in his ever *unſatisfying* Happineſs.

So 'tis: The Author of Nature hath by a firm Law, made it equally impoſſible either to *Love* none, or not the beſt. The former of which is with an inhuman Pride to vilify Mankind, and the latter by the worſt of Parricides, to deſtroy a Man's ſelf. For when he had the Option of Life given him, the Diſpoſal of his Nativity put into his own Hands, and could have *re-made* himſelf in another, yet he choſe to periſh. The Monarchy of the Breaſt, like that of *Alexander*, muſt be aſſign'd to the beſt deſerving, whom to find ſhould be the Buſineſs of ones Life; it muſt be a Man made up of the higheſt Endowments incident to Mortality, as compleat as a *Woman* could wiſh. A *Catholic* Man accompliſh'd with the *Hyperbole* of Virtues which may be any where found or imagin'd, and of which a Man may have a Notion, never the Poſſeſſion. In a Word ſuch a Man, whom when

when with *impious* Deſires we have form'd, 'tis an Idea, or a God. And now alas! we find his Dignity ſomething above our *Love*, and fit only to be ador'd; worthy indeed of our *Love*, but much more of our Adoration. Theſe are the Flames due to the Altar. Nature has implanted this Deſire in us to her own Diſparagement, being not able to fill it. But yet leſt what ſhe intended as her greateſt Favour ſhould prove a Torment (ſuch as always provokes and never ſatiſfies) ſhe has ſo order'd it, that what is wanting in the things themſelves ſhould be ſupplied by our Opinion, that our Miſtake at leaſt might make up our Happineſs. We are gull'd with a counterfeit Dreſs of Beauty, and are firſt deceiv'd before we are conſcious of any Happineſs. Like *Pigmalion* we fall in Love with a Statue of our own making, and then think its Beauty not artificial but native. The Miſt of our Ignorance recommends a Cloud to our greedy Embraces inſtead of *Juno*, nay we *Love* to be cheated, and think it a Part of Humanity to be liable to Slips, Errors, and Miſpriſions. We are not damaged but gratifi'd in our Deſires by this *profitable* Impoſture, ſince the Cheat pleaſes us more than the jugling Shifts of Legerdemain, and inriches us with no falſe Appearance of Gain. Our Credulity makes us truly happy, and (what is the common Lot of Men of great Eſtates) we become more rich by the Fame and Suſpicion of Wealth, than the Largeneſs of our Fortune. Go then enjoy ſecurely thoſe Treaſures which you owe to the Kindneſs of Fancy, not to the Bounty of Providence; Thoſe moſt fortunate Collations, not of a ſmiling Fortune, but of an obliging Opinion; thoſe goodly Poſſeſſions, which neither when the Gods frown, nor when Fortune is diſpos'd to be wantonly miſchievous, are liable to Danger; which no Violence, no nor another Opinion will ſnatch away, unleſs to give a new

Supply. For although Opinion, as the Siſter of Fortune or Nature, be pleas'd with Variety, yet the *Love* of Variety will not recommend Monſters to her. She is not wanton to that Pitch of Levity, but only redreſſes the Defects of Things. The Viciſſitudes and Changes of the Affections, like thoſe of Things, are ſet out not ſo much for Beauty, as Solace and Remedy. We reprehend the wandring and alternate Heat of *Love* to the Diſcredit of Nature, not of thoſe Men who daily caſt off their Thread-bare Companions like old Sutes, who take a deſultorious Taſte of Men as Bees do of Flowers, and becauſe Good is always to them in Flux and Uncertainty, as Truth is to Philoſophers, reſolve to *Love ſceptically:* Neither is it an Argument of Inconſtancy, but Judgment, thus to wander with Choice, and to collect that from all in various *Gleanings*, which is in no one Place to be had enough. No one Thing is worthy long Enjoyment; and theſe Shadows of Virtues rather than real ones, which we ſo much boaſt of, like rich Pictures, endure only a curſory View at a Diſtance, cannot bear the Delay of nice Obſervation, and vaniſh while leiſurely beheld. All that's in that pompous Title of Conſtancy is not of ſuch Moment, that I ſhould not do Homage to a greater Merit, that I ſhould not prefer a brighter Star, becauſe once born under an obſcurer Planet, that I ſhould obſtinately adhere to Defects and Loſſes, leſt I ſhould be ſaid to have departed from my firſt Condition; or laſtly that I ſhould endure my Chance, or what is altogether as erroneous, my own Will, as calmly, as immoveably as I would my Deſtiny. Give me Leave I pray, more paſſionately to admire thoſe Rays of a diviner Mind which I firſt ador'd in you, now more brightly Shining in another. Suffer the Progreſſes of *Love* which you firſt taught me. The ſame who at firſt taught me to pre-

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ſer the Candour of your Mind before the Whiteneſs of *Lilies* and Faces, and a rude Simplicity before the enough eaſie, but too fond Humanity, have now alſo taught me now after the ſight of a more dazling Splendour to condemn your ſelf, unleſs I may not hence be ſo properly ſaid to contemn, as adore you with more Devotion under a more glorious Repreſentation. Juſt ſo the leſſer Lamps of Heaven are not extinct but over-ſhadow'd, when out of Modeſty they withdraw at the Appearance of a greater Glory. Why do you call out upon the Truth of Gods and Men? I Love only on this Condition, ſo long as you either *are*, or to me *ſeem* the beſt.

Do but look down upon the brute Love-ſports of Nature (though 'tis a ſhame to own the Documents of of Life and Virtue to ſuch low Inſtances) and ſee how all the Parts even the worſt in the Divine Workmanſhip have an innate Tendency to what is beſt, and are carried with Admiration and Deſire to a greater Excellency. 'Tis purpoſely ſo order'd by Nature, who is conſcious of her own injurious and ſhameful Sloth, who oftener ſuffers Abortion than brings forth, and in Compariſon to the Exemplars and Ideas of Things is deliver'd of as many Monſters as Creatures. She has therefore indued them with a plaſtick Virtue, that they may advance nearer to their Ideas, and ſo become their own Correctors. Her Work comes at firſt out of her Hands in half and imperfect Pieces, till ſhe joyns one Part to another, and ſo compleats both. This one Ambition of aſpiring to ſomething better, moves every thing to leap the *Pale* of its own Condition. For this Reaſon the *Heliotrope* tho' rooted faſt in the Ground, follows the Courſe of the Sun, and with an oppoſite Mouth drinks in the Sun-beams, till ſhe herſelf become a *Vegetable* Star. With the ſame Ardour of Ambition, while Stones receive the Æthereal

Rays

Rays, they become a glittering concretion of *Maſſy* Light, and what before were only the rigid Excreſcencies of a cragged Bulk; now look like Gems, and dart forth Glimmerings as well in a Rock, as in a Lover's Ring. With this ſweet Art while the Sea partakes as clearly as the Motion as the Image of the Moon, it enjoys the Intelligence of the Celeſtial Orb as its own. With this lovely envy while the Steel is drawn with Admiration of the Load-ſtone, and by and by with mutual Breathings and Nuptial Embraces exhales his precious Soul, as if 'twere now it ſelf become a Loadſtone, exerciſes Charms of its own, and draws other things as much as 'tis drawn it ſelf. There is indeed in Nature, as well as in common Life an Ambitious Indigency, and cringing to Superiours. Neither is there any thing more regarded in another than the Eminency of its order. Had we no ſuch thing as a Philoſopher, yet we have *Philo-mathematical* Waves, which ſhew the Wain of the Moon with more certainty than Almanacks and Ephemerides. We have *Aſtronomical* Flowers, which teach us the Motion of the Sun, and inſtead of ſtriking Watches, give an Articular Notice of the declining Day. Had this Theater of the World no Philoſophical Spectator, to conſider its Rarities with Scrutiny and Inſpection, yet all Nature herſelf is enamour'd to Admiration with her own Beauty, and as both the Eyes of the World, ſo both Worlds ſpeculate each other by Courſe, and feed themſelves with mutual Interviews. And this lower ſeems to aſpire to the Dignity of the higher with the ſame Ambition as is uſed by the Commonalty of *Spain*, when they Emulate the Grandeur of the Nobility; and with the ſame art which the Commons of *Rome* uſed, when the *Plebeians* were admitted to match among the *Patricians*. The Author of Nature has made the Welfare of things too much his Concern

by

by committing the World to the Tuition of *Love*, ſo that now an idle and unactive Deity, will not be either own'd or contemn'd.

But whereas other things are of ſuch a Compoſure that they can only receive and want, Man alone knows how to *Love*. Nature has ſhadow'd forth in them a rude Semblance of Affection, only that ſhe might make a preluſory Specimen of that in viler Materials, which ſhe intended to compleat in Man with Elaborate Accuracy. Although I muſt alſo acknowledge that the Affections of Men leiſurely improve according to the ſame Degrees and Proportions as they themſelves do, and as if they had ſeveral Births, are firſt endow'd with Life, then with Senſe, and at laſt with Reaſon; and that *Love* which is at firſt *callow* and creeps by the inſtinct of Occult Sympathy, by and by is *Fledged* with Deſire, and at laſt improves into Humanity, and Reaſon, which was before only Brute Tendency, or the Predominant Bias of an Element. For when the, as yet, tender Warmth only *Broods* on the Breaſt, much leſs has *Hatch'd* the glowing Sparks, the Deſire ſcarce gives Credit to it ſelf. When the Mind is newly ſmitten, and is hardly yet Conſcious either of the Wound or the Author of it; ſhe feels juſt ſuch *Innocent* Prickings as Children do from the Rupture of their Gums, when they breed Teeth. Then you may ſee a pretty Specimen of Infant Simplicity, thoſe who have been born ſcarce long enough to view one another a little, beginning to ſigh together as one *Myrtle-tree* whiſpers to another. For in theſe early Expreſſes of Paſſion theſe Infant *Lovers* don't underſtand the Air which they ventilate in the Groves of *Venus*, while they wind embraces inſenſibly, and like thoſe who lazily ſtretch themſelves, naturally ſeek out for ſomething to reſt their extended Arms on. You may now if you will call theſe the inſinuating

ing Arms of an *Ivy*, or the winding Branches of a Vine. But as ſoon as they improve their *Love* ſo far as to Imprint and devour ſmacking Embraces, you don't ſee Men but Ring-Doves. When they breathe out their querulous Amours in wanton chidings, you hear Turtles, as being now a little more by Nature diſpoſed to Benevolence, othat theiy affect others with ſweet and innocent fondneſs, and mitate the kindneſs of the *Dolphin* or *Lizard*. But Men of *adult* Flame are ſeized with a more generous Impulſe tho' blind. By this blind Impulſe we are carried upwards like Doves of *Venus* with ſeal'd Eyes, and with a moſt vigorous Endeavour ignorantly aſpire to Heaven as to a Neſt. Thus the very Defects of Lovers ſhow a diſpoſition greedy of Divinity, and the Errours of this one Paſſion aſpire to ſomething Immortal. So that even that more impure Itch, which derides the *Barren* Marriages of Virtues and *Copulations* of Souls, which ſeeks ſomething to *fill* its Embraces, and adores the Planet *Venus* though threatning its Birth-day with Storms and Shipwracks of Life, ſeems yet to be inflam'd not ſo much with the Torches of *Hymen*, as with the Deſire of Eternity. While with ſuch Ardency it longs to out-live it ſelf, and by a long ſeries of Poſterity to patch up as well as it can a *ſucceſſive* Immortatality. Even he whoſe Friendſhip is purchas'd with a Supper, whom like a Brute Creature a bit does befriend to you; who is in *Love* with your Kitchin not your ſelf, though he *Loves* to the Proportion of his Stomach: And he who values a Man after the ſame rate as he does a Farm, attending on him with the more ſordid Expectation as he does on his Field, who uſes his Friendſhip as a thing of Profit with a mercenary Mind, and ſtill reckons *himſelf* among his Friendſhips: Why this latter, well skill'd in the value of *Love*, uſes it as Money, but as a Divine Coin, where with

with we Men Negotiate with the Gods, and enrich our ſelves with a Deity. And the former enjoys his *Love* to Luxury and Banquet, for he thinks it the Nectar of his Supreme Deity, as well as of *Venus*. Both of them truly with leſs Covetouſneſs conſult their own Profit, either he that ſeeks a Patrimony by his Affection, or he that diets upon it, than he who haſtily diſcharges his ſinking Ship of her *Periſhing* fraught, and by a free Diſburſement of his Goods transfers them out of the reach of Chance or Fate before they Periſh. Who although he expects no Returns, nor ſells his Gifts, yet has already receiv'd a moſt ample Recompence, the very Collation of a Kindneſs, and although he has given never ſo much, yet has laid up a greater Treaſure for himſelf, the Virtue of Beneficence. So that to give great Largeſſes, and ſuch as Modeſty often times forbids to receive does the moſt advantage to the Author; either by rendering him awful, that nothing Mean will be expected from him, or by repreſenting the Benefit more neceſſary and natural than either Rain or Sun-ſhine. So that from him as from the Sun, Benefits will be exacted as Debts, and he will ſeem to do only according to Cuſtom and Duty, as often as he acts generouſly, ſo that all Gratitude will be taken away through the Frequency and Ampleneſs of his Collations.

What ſhall I think of him who ſeeks to pleaſe, not to *Love* me? Whom I repair to as a Summer-bower, that may afford me Shade and Security, but which is of no Uſe to me in the Rage of Winter? Whom as many of us as have any Severity mixt with our *Loves* are wont to Alarm with this grave Apothegm, *A Friend as a Wife, is a word of Dignity not of Pleaſure.* You have found out a new way of being Libidinous without Embraces, you have deflowered your *Love* with this kind of Laſciviouſneſs worſe than that of the

Stews. Induſtriouſly to pleaſe is the Trick of Wheedlers, and the luſcious Venom of a Pander. To treat too daintily, is a kind of Angling: To fawn with emulous Officiouſneſs is like a Wooer, and belongs rather to the Rudiments of *Love* than the Life of *Lovers*. Far be't that you ſhould take that *Creature* for a Friend, who is a Torment to you while you deſire him, and a Tediouſneſs when you poſſeſs him. And yet you are not much out, if you think that all *Lovers* wander in the Fields of *Elyſium*, and that Flowers ſpring up where ever they tread. No other are the Joys of Heaven than to *Love* and to be *Lov'd*, no other are the Joys of Earth. That Divine *Ardor* which makes the *Empyreal* Heaven to be what it is, and wherein will conſiſt the Happineſs of the future Life, muſt be the only Solace of this. In all other things we are Paſſive, theſe we only enjoy and delight in which are the Iſſues of our Deſire and Choice, and which in thoſe other Uneaſineſſes divert our Pain. Thus have we ſeen in a Tempeſt the two Brothers rejoyce in a greedy Concourſe, bringing as much Joy to themſelves as to the Mariners, Congratulating their united Beams, whereby they loſe each other in a mutual embrace, and thence become two again. Thus have we known the Votaries of *Venus* ſurrounded with a Cloud, brought like Birds under a Veil of Silk with more ſecret Triumph to their Joys. We confeſs there is ſomething in *Love* more Powerful than Calamities, more Magnificent than Honour, more Splendid than Riches, more Charming than Pleaſures, for whoſe ſake we contemn all theſe, yea for whoſe ſake we do not contemn them, but have them in the greater Veneration. It does ſo ſolely pleaſe, that by it all things elſe though never ſo vile pleaſe exceedingly. It has ſuch a Priviledge of Majeſty that nothing can diſparage it, that it clears from Infamy, and ſooner

reflects

reflects a Luſtre on the greateſt Reproaches of Life, than it can be ſullied from any thing elſe. Hence 'twas that this was added a thirteenth to the Labours of *Hercules*, and ſerves as an Ingredient to make up his Praiſes, that he not only Brandiſh'd his Club but held a Diſtaff, with which (though he had Tam'd all other wild Beaſts) yet one Monſter ſtill remain'd to be ſubdued, whom only the Inſtruments of her own Arts can Conquer, *a Woman*. Why do you Wonder ſo much at the Inviolable Rays of the Sun, ſince *Cupid's* Torch can alſo enlighten even the moſt ſordid things, and yet remain untainted.

Why then does the Hunger-bitten Mind ſo eagerly, and to no Purpoſe, hunt after ſomething Divine in other Things, ſince it has *it* at Home? For indeed, whatſoever we *Love*, is to us a Deity. *Whatſoever you deſire that's* Jupiter. It is ſo? What, does that ſordid Lover, who admits no Conſort without a Dowry, kiſs, buy, and count *Jupiter* imprinted on his Money? Yes, but 'tis *Jupiter* ſhining under a Covert of Gold. What, and does the Libidinous Voluptuary itch after *Jupiter*? Yes, but 'tis *Jupiter* turn'd Stallion under the Form of a Satyr, and Converted into the *Semeleian* Flames. Yes, and ſo does that delicate Trencher-Friend Sup upon *Jupiter*, but in the Shape of a Swan, and lurking under the ſoft down of Luxury. He Luſts alſo after *Jupiter*, but 'tis that of *Ganymedes* ſteep'd in *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*. Now I found the Depth of the Buſineſs, neither am I quite Deceiv'd by thoſe Rhetoricians of the Gods, the Poets. Now, I perceive that they were not the Loves of *Jupiter*, but our *own*, which cloathed the Deity in ſuch unworthy Forms.

But becauſe ſlippery and wandring *Love* never reſts till 'tis arriv'd at the Pinnacle of Perfection, or by a pleaſing Deluſion, thinks ſo at leaſt, being always a

Companion of the beſt and greateſt, or what appears ſo, to this it muſt always adhere, in this always acquieſce, as the Heaven of its Soul, the Center of its Fire. The *Lover* will not, I preſume, be at Leiſure to entertain the Charms (if there can be any) of a new Felicity, neither will he find in his Heart to *Love* another, no nor himſelf: For he will ever complain of the Diſproportion between his Power, and his Deſires, and that he is wanting to him whom he ſurfeits, and wearies with Exceſs of Fondneſs. And, after he has thus made over all his Affection to One, and ſtill thinks he has not done ſufficient, he muſt needs have as little Courteſie left for all others, as a *Monk* or *Stoick*. Begon thou Monſter of *Syracuſe*, who haſt Invented a new Tyranny to thy other Cruelties, a *Pair-Royal* in Friendſhip: Who wouldeſt not kill a Pair of Friends, but divide them, and corrupt their Fidelity by Interception of it, from a *Tyrant* converted into a *Rival*. But, tell me, Tyrant, ſuppoſe you were aſſum'd a Third Lover, in the League of this Pair, tell me, Which would you prefer in Kindneſs? You muſt needs Inſenſe the Other, now on the ſame Score Jealous of your ſelf. But if you will diſtribute your Kindneſs equally, ſuppoſe one of them brought to Execution, Will you die for this, or live for the ſake of t'other? You ſtand like a dubious Needle between two Loadſtones, by the Neighbourhood of two Reſolutions, detain'd from both. The Diſtraction of your Wiſh prompts you at once to Live and Die. Thus the *Pendulous Lover*, about to adhere to neither, and to both, is undone by this Equality of Affection. One exacts Tears from you, the other an Effuſion of Laughter. The Partiality of your Officiouſneſs to one, makes you Injurious to the other. So that your Mind diſtracted ſeveral ways, like *Metius* between the contrary Draughts of Horſes, ſeems

deſervedly

deſervedly to ſuffer the Puniſhment of his Perfidiouſneſs. Thus it happens, as often as you undertake to be a *Pluraliſt* in Affection, and at once to *Love* whom you can hardly ſee at the ſame time, unleſs you were Squint-eyed or Double-faced. Do but conſider the Dominion and Compliance which is in *Love*; Here the new *Eteocles* and *Polynices* muſt duly command and ſerve by Turns, both of theſe are of a ſingular Nature, and will not admit of two Sharers. If you fancy *Love* to be a God, he *Loves* to Reſide in one Heaven, if Fire, that alſo is confined to one Sphere; if Death, the Gods forbid a frequent Expiration, or that we ſhould commit our Souls to the Boſom of another more than once, ſince they grant us but once to *Live*. Or if you call a *Lover* the Mirror, Coin, or Seal of his dear Object (all which receive both Form and Value from the Impreſſion) Know then that this Looking-Glaſs can be inform'd but with one intire Image at a time; that this Coin can be Innobled with the Face but of one King; that this Seal, like that of a Letter, is Cloſed faſt to all but one; and that all theſe are not capable of a new Impreſſion without the defacing of the former. But if you conſider that Friendſhip is nothing leſs than the *Marriage* of Souls, you ſhould think it an hainous Crime in theſe Maſculine Hymens, to admit *Polygamy*, by ſuperinducing a new one, to unmarry the Old, and to *Cuckold* ones Friend.

Does then that Paſſion, which diſtinguiſhes Human Societies from the Herds of the Field, by too much Devotedneſs, bring Men about again to the Level of Beaſts, and to Stoical Barbarity, the Contempt of all? And muſt he who *Loves* one Intirely, hate all Mankind beſides? The Gods forbid! Nothing certainly is more Courteous than *Love* and *Philoſophy*, nothing more generous, nothing (except the Gods) affords a greater

greater Patronage to the World. The very Familiarity of Friendſhip makes their Minds eaſy and ſoft, and diſpoſes them to the Benevolence, juſt as a Marriage does young Brides; who now put off their Coyneſs, and uſe more Freedom of Converſation towards all others. They communicate their Rays like the Sun to the whole World, tho they guild *Rhodes* with a peculiar and *diſtinguiſhable* Luſtre. You muſt know, that one Man is dedicated to another, juſt like a Book, ſent to one, but to be read by All, yet after the Peruſal of that One. We owe much Gratitude to thoſe candid and generous Souls, ſo much reſembling the Genius of Heaven, in that they favour not One only Man, but All Mankind with a benign Influence: Who, as if they were the Firſt Parents, look upon all Nations as their own Families; Eſteem all as Dear to them as their Kindred, and as if they were born every where, or had an Amplitude of Mind equal, and commenſurate to the whole Globe, ſtand affected to every Country as their Native one, and ſo Deſervedly find it. But this we don't call Friendſhip, but a certain Benevolence, and *wandring* Courteſie. Neither do we find Fault with this, or accept it with leſs Candor than they uſe, even toward their Enemies. But we would only curb the too wanton and courtly Affections of thoſe who pride themſelves in the Number of Salutations, and Retinue of Friends, no leſs than in a Guard of Lacquies, ambitious as much of the Badges of Virtue, as of State, and loving to ſweat in the Throng of Clients. But this is the manner of proud Ladies, who are not over-ſtock'd with Chaſtity, with a pretence of Obligingneſs to inſnare others Affections, openly to diſpence their kind Embraces, but ſtill as to One only, ſtudiouſly to compoſe a Face, to level particular Nods at *him* and *him*, to ſcatter up and down enticing Glances, to divide here and there, flattering Smiles;

Smiles: And laſtly, as it were, to betroth their Souls. And as ſoon as the Prey is Inveigled, (as it frequently fall's out) to withdraw the inchanting Lure. Oh the moſt Vile ſort of Pride! To number the Flocks of their *Lovers*, among the reſt of their Feminine Intereſts, and Improvements of Beauty.

But ſince whoſoever is hot in the higheſt Degree of true genuine Fire, has not the Will to *love* leſs, nor the Power to *love* more: Neither is it enough that he diſregards others, unleſs he alſo contemn himſelf, and deny himſelf, as well as others, a ſhare in his own Flames, freezing within his own Sphere, and remaining a cold *Salamander* in the midſt of the Incircling Flames. Since he is wholly remov'd from his own Breaſt, forgets himſelf, is wholly concern'd for his Friend, and fears nothing on his own Behalf, unleſs he ſhould not act the part of a Friend, as he ought ſince he is wiſe for another, and Blind as to his own Intereſt; committing himſelf to the Fates, or, to what is a greater Safeguard, the Care of his Friend. (For he on the other hand is as much Concern'd with Fears and Forecaſts in his Behalf. He inſpirits him like an *aſſiſting* Form, ſo that he Reſembles the Heavens in being govern'd by an Intelligence) Since, I ſay, he thus renounces himſelf whoſoever inſerts himſelf into another, and conſigns himſelf as one dead to Oblivion; and ſince (as it ſhould be) the only dear thing to him is his Friend, in whom he enjoys a more Vital Life after Death, and about whom he ſportfully hovers like a pale Ghoſt about his Body; *The Schoolman of Amours has Stated an unjuſt Meaſure, rather of Hatred than Affection, the Love of ones Self: And has done ill in propoſing us to our Selves as Patterns of Heroical Love.* For of what ſmall account is every one with himſelf; Where is that Man who, not Captivated to anothers Deſires, nor ſeaſon'd with Manners not his own, does

live

live leſs to another than to himſelf? Neither is it to be imputed to our Vices, but to our Virtues, that we become Vaſſals to anothers Pleaſure. Some Virtues are ſevere upon their Owners, and are never Diſſerviceable but to our Selves, which yet to others bring in a great Income. That Modeſty which promotes its own Diſparagement, and humbly Diſlikes all Purple, but that of a Bluſhing Face, *ambitious* of Contempt, yet transfers the Encomiums due to it ſelf upon another with a Steel'd Boldneſs. That Ambition which Toils on anothers Account, is graced with the Title of Fidelity and Candor. That Armour which is worn on the Breaſt, does but only forge a Man into a Shield *Errant* for the Defence of others, tho' with the Expence of his own Safety: No Man Dyes for the mere Prevention of his own Death, but that he may Intercept the fatal Arrow from his Parents, Children, or ſome others: What, did I ſay, No Man Dyes? No Man Lives on his own Account. But if bare Nature, and ſolitary Virtue, without Friendſhip, can produce ſuch a Combination, or rather *Self-dedication*, that every one ſhould count himſelf the leaſt Part of himſelf, let it be a Shame that Friendſhip (which adds to Virtues new Strength, Accompliſhment, and Humanity) ſhould preſcribe any other Meaſure to Benevolence, than this, *To Know none at all*; or circumſcribe any other Limits than thoſe which are mark'd out by the Deſires of *Lovers*. Let him not *Love* at all (and I am ſure I cannot imprecate a heavier Curſe) who Tempers his Affection, and is rather Ruled by it, who warily *Loves* to ſuch a ſet Degree as if ready to Hate, or who deals out his Affection in Proportions, giving and receiving Favours with a Pair of Scales. He may perhaps *return Love*, but not *Love directly*, who anſwers his *Lover* juſt as he Pledges his Companion, preciſely

preciſely *ſo much*, and to ſuch an exact Meaſure.

And now I ſtand amuſed with a long Veneration, like a ſweetly Confuſed *Inamorato*, who has waſted all his Eye-ſight upon a Divine Form, and is uncertain, even after the greateſt *Criticiſm* of Interview, which Part of the Sovereign Beauty firſt deſerves his Admiration, and is arrived only thus far, to admire his own Aſtoniſhment, and to pay equal Adoration to all the Excellencies, as if every one were ſupreme, and variouſly to aſſent to the Praiſes of Parties differently affected. I hear *Dyoniſius* defining *Love to be a Circle, returning from Good, thro' Good to Good.* And I confeſs 'tis comprehended in this ingenious Emblem. Hence I look upon a Ring, not only as a *Pledge*, but an *Hieroglyphick* of *Love*. *Cupid* repreſents to me this Circle, while he is bending his Bow, together with the Semicircle of his own Body. This Circle is decypher'd to me by the continual Heat of *Lovers*, which with the Blood is carried round (according to the modern Tenet of Phyſicians) in a Circular Motion. 'Tis like the Elementary Fire, where the immortal Flame feeds it ſelf, and is its own Fuel; whoever *Loves* that which he hath *Lov'd*, retreats by a Spherical Motion in his own Track; and he that *Loves* only that he may *Love*, the ſame returns upon himſelf, cloſes up himſelf.

Ariſtophanes tells me, (and I eaſily believe him) *that the whole Myſtery of* Love *conſiſts in being reduced to that from whence we were.* For, I ſee all things by a Natural Motion, retire into their Principles. And perhaps thoſe Magnetick Charms, which they fancy to be lodg'd in the whole Earth, are found by Philoſophers, Mariners, and Ships, to be only in the Native Country. The Law of Nature obliges us to beſtow our Lives upon thoſe from whom we receiv'd them, and by a certain Series of Piety, and Scale of

Alliance, to adore thoſe three Names dearer than our Lives, our *Country*, *Parents*, and *God*. I know not whether I may call Man (like *Oedipus*) a blind and inceſtuous Lover, or rather provident and Pious, who is always inamour'd with ſomething of his Original, and is as cordially affected toward it as to his Parent. Neither is he much miſtaken, who takes that for his Parent, whence he dates the Rudiments of a new Life, and by a Kind of Revival, renews his Nativity at the Expence of an Extraordinary *Love*. Thus to reſign up our Souls, is to retrieve and remake them. But you, O *Thales*, by leaping into the Water, and you *Empedocles* into the Fire, the one by Chance, the other out of Deſign, made too much Haſte to reſolve not only *Philoſophy*, but the *Philoſophers* themſelves into their Principles, and to plunge the vital Particles of your Souls into their Elements. But yet ſo the Errors of this Philoſophy, excuſe thoſe of the Affections, and ſince our Hungry Souls, as well as Bodies, are Nouriſh'd with thoſe things whereof they conſiſt, you'd Swear the Drunkard had a Liquid Soul, and the Tyrant a Bloody one infuſed into them; you'd Swear the ſordid Miſers were juſt Enlivened out of the Mud, and that the Stoical and Barbarous, were hewn out of a cragged Rock, and ſo ſtill continue with the Statues of Men. But if we fancy with *Ariſtophanes* in *Plato*, that from the common Seminary of Souls, or from the joynt Society of a Man heretofore double Bodied, the familiar and *colleague-Souls* were ſent into the World, methinks this they render probable, while like the Parts of a divided Inſect, they ſeek out for the other Half; or, when they run into Embraces at firſt Sight, as Perſons mindful of their former Intimacy. So that the *Platonick* Man is now all over Memory, whoſe *Love*, as well as *Philoſophy*, is nothing elſe but *Reminiſcence*.

Yea

Yea rather whoſe *Love* is the very Exerciſe of Philoſophy (for I willingly and deſervedly aſcribe both to you, *Diotima*) that is, to Elevate our heaven-born Souls together with their Bodies, to a perpetual Intuition of Heaven, (juſt as the Bird of the Sun is fed only with his Rays) and to Vegetate them with a Deſire of Eternity. This is that myſterious Ardour, which makes us Mortals always emulous of divine Perfection, out of Love with the Meanneſs of our Condition, and for a Remedy haſtens to ſtrip the Man of the Part which is frail. Hence, as if we had a Legion of Eyes, we take a Proſpect (which is more than the Sun himſelf can do) of both Ends of the Earth at once. Hence *Amphitryo* could at once Diſcharge the Affairs of his Houſe, and of the Camp, and though Remote, accompany his Wife, and that not (as the Poets will have it) in the Fiction of Diſguiſe. Hence circumſcribed with no Bounds, either of Time, or Space, we live another Life after the Firſt, either in our Friends, the Guardians of our now alienated Souls, or in our Children, the Heirs of our tranſmitted Life, both lending and borrowing Breath.

While I muſe on theſe Thoughts, *Plato* offers me a nearer Experiment: And I preſently turn *Platonick*, Swear that this *Cupid* (tho' never ſo Blind, and content only with Thought, wherewith he purſues divine Objects, and yet borne from the Sight) *is nothing but a Deſire of Enjoying, and Forming Beauty in ſomething Beautiful.* The Truth is, we are willing to enjoy, not being able always to content our ſelves with the barren Delight of Contemplation and Courtſhip; that from the Conflux of aſſociated Splendour, as from the Conjunction of Stars, the Glory and Influence may Increaſe, and our Star improve into a Conſtellation,

ſtellation. And as Pictures, ſo Faces of too Majeſtick Beauty, whoſe Blandiſhments are above our Fortune and Hopes, affect the Spectators with ſome Pleaſure, no Deſire. And that Portion of Beauty which recreates the Sight with the Sweetneſs of Symmetry and Complexion only, will find more Spectators than *Lovers*, as ſetting forth the Prettineſs and Graces of a delightſome Proſpect, ſuch as are better repreſented in painted than living Faces. Nothing that's barren and dead excites Vital Affections; nothing that's Inanimate, Influences the Soul. Neither is there greater Pleaſure in Enjoying, than in Forming of Beauty. There's a natural Energy which Priviledges the Mind, as well as Face, with the Art of imaging it ſelf, wherever it fixes its Aſpect. Hence 'tis that all Beauty delights in a Looking-Glaſs, and rather than want a Spectator, applies it ſelf to its own Image, looking back on it ſelf. I appeal to you, *Socrates*, the Maſter both of *Love* and *Morality*, whoſe Employment was the ſame when a Philoſopher, and when heretofore a Statuary: You ſtill continue your Old Trade of carving and poliſhing Men, but you ſeek out more excellent Materials, whereby to dignify your Mechaniſm. And, for this Reaſon, you Stock your School, like a *Seraglio*, with ſuch handſome Pupils as *Phædrus* and *Alcibiades*, who might eaſily imbibe your Soul, and return you your Image with Advantage, as being more clear than a Looking-Glaſs, more tender than Wax. Whatſoever that is, which, like the Stars, with its heavenly Light, tranſcends the Envy of Mortals, invites a Religious Awe, and with a ſpecious Lure, intices Souls to it ſelf, does indeed, ſo wholly poſſeſs them, as not to ſuffer them to turn aſide to another Object. Nothing can dazzle and inflame our Minds, but what is preſented to us under the Tincture of theſe Rays, but what moves

and

and ſtrikes upon the Senſes. Our very Vices impoſe upon us under the amiable Mask of Virtues. And as often as we are pleas'd to Err with Nature, and with a *croſs-grain'd Love* to delight in ſuch Children, which their Parents behold with Horror; as often as we ſeek among Herds and Monſters for ſomething to be adopted in human Society, as well as into a Conſtellation, we have this pleaſant Priviledge to boaſt of, That we need not fear a Rival, and to pretend an *incongruous* Diverſion in the Jarrings of Nature; and laſtly, to be able to ſhew ſomething to the Beholders more ugly than ourſelves. Unleſs, ſome will maintain, That there is nothing Deform'd in Nature, ſince thoſe Creatures which the Author of them has doom'd to Obſcurity, as the *Shame* of the Creation, leſt they ſhould defile the Light, have a Decency from their very Horror, and ſet off the Face of the Univerſe like Moles and Shades. For we ought not preſently to conclude that which is leſs Grateful to the Sight, to be down-right Ugly, but a rare and unuſual Spectacle, and ſuch as the Nice and Curious uſe to procure at any Coſt. What may not there be Sacred, where Owls and the moſt Vile Creatures, have been Deified, and Ador'd by Men? Where ſince there is no Deformity, neither is there any Hatred, nor the Name of *Antipathy* uſed but among the Sects of the *Philoſophers?* Why do you tell me, in your Lectures of Sobriety, how much the *Colwort* declines the *Vine?* Even as much as as the abſtemious Patient, upon the Advice of a Phyſician, not becauſe he Loaths the Wine, or for the Sake of Temperance, but merely to conſult his Health. So the Wolf preys upon the Lamb, and the Fire upon the Water, not out of any Hatred, but for Self-preſervation. Neither do they avenge Injuries, but endeavour by the moſt cloſe Embrace, to convert another into themſelves. So neither

does

does one Man abhor the Perſon of another, but only his Inhumanity as a Vice, and ſo is concern'd for himſelf. Neither do we envy other Men their Endowments, for any Spite we have at *Them*, but are only too Sollicitous for *Our ſelves*, either becauſe we think anothers Credit a Diminution of our own, or elſe becauſe willing to become *cheaply* Good, we would adopt the Virtues of others to ourſelves, with the ſole Labour of a Wiſh. If there be any Contention in Nature, ſure 'tis a *Loving* one, ſuch as conſtitutes and encreaſes Common-wealths, a *Social* Robbery, a conſulting our Welfare by alternate Loſſes, neither are theſe to be call'd Spoils, but Gifts indulg'd by courſe. Ah cruel *Love*, if theſe Wars were managed by your Darts, if *Helen* muſt be ſtill obtain'd though Rapin and Slaughter, and *Venus* muſt belong only to *Mars*! And yet 'tis worth the while to Die, that we may endear her to us. Neither do I wonder ſince an ambitious Vying for Beauty bred a Quarrel among Goddeſſes, if poor *Paris*, and the reſt of Mortals, with Rival Ambition, ſhould put in for the fair Prize. From the time that *Love*, the Parent of the World, wrought out a Symphony from the Diſcord of things, and wedded together *Vulcan* and *Venus* in a Mutual Embrace, that is, Flames and Waters, and cemented the moſt diſagreeing Things in a ſort of *Checquer-work*; from the time I ſay that he hung out this great Frame of the Univerſe, like a rich Map, adorn'd with Beauty and Order, he ſtood himſelf, like other Artificers, the firſt Judge and Admirer of his own Work, and made the firſt Experiment of thoſe Charms of Beauty which he himſelf imparted. This is (if you would know) that Order of Beauty, from which Things derive not Softneſs and Infirmity, but at once Ornament and Compactneſs. I take Beauty to be nothing but the Conſummation, Quinteſſence, and Maturity

turity of every thing. I think that Beautiful and Splendid, which is All that it ſhould be. Obſerve how the ſame innate Vigour gives Strength and Beauty to the Arm, how Jewels thoroughly imbued with it, ſend forth ſoft Rays among their Rigid Sparklings! How the lively Moiſture at the Root makes Fertil, and adorns with the Verdure of an Emerald! Thus we all find by Experience, and yet ceaſe not from Wonder, that a Mind compoſ'd within, ſmooths out the Forehead; an ingenious Texture of Thoughts recommends the Face beyond the greateſt Artifice of Dreſs; and that a refined Mind, Serenes more than the Blood. The Soul ſhines through her Native Veil, as a Lady's Face through that of Silk, or *as* the obſcurer Sun diſpenſes his Rays here and there, and *Strains* Day-Light thorough a Cloud. I am apt to believe, that the divine Gueſt does chooſe out a fit Habitation for it ſelf, and according to its Proportion, like Snails forms a Houſe contemporary and equal to its Owner. So Graphically does the Body expreſs the Lineaments of the Soul, that no Garment ſeems more diſtinctly to decypher thoſe of the Body. This this is that Brightneſs of the unſullied Soul, which illuſtrates every Feature, and moulds the Limbs into legible Characters, that by the Likeneſs of Souls, others may be allured, till the Original Form being obſerv'd, and the Deity within diſcover'd, the earthly Mould be diſregarded. For alas, what an inconſiderable thing is that Beauty of a Face, which entertains our Eyes with the daily Spring of freſh Graces, which we ſhew one to another in a Rapture, and although poſſeſs'd with a *Rival* Concern, yet call in *Auxiliary* Votaries to ſhare in our Admiration? We are taken only with a Superficies, a Colour, a Reflexion of Light, yea a moſt empty Shadow, which if we gaze long upon it wears away and diſappears before our Eyes. And what a

poor

poor little thing is that Frame and Structure of Limbs delineated as with a Rule and Compaſs? If that be all, Statues may boaſt of a neater outſide than Man, and the Houſe of a more elegant Model than the Inhabitant. What an inconſiderable thing is that Motion which lends ſuch a graceful Mein, to Bodies imitable by no Painters? Suppoſe it more ſoft and uniform than the *Downy* Gildings of the Celeſtial Orbs, or of Time, careleſs, looſe and unaffected, it has this only Apology for its Meanneſs, that while it pleaſes, leſt it ſhould alſo prove Tedious, it paſſes away, extinct even while it begins. But all this while I ſeem too partial to the Errors of *Lovers*, and the Encomiums of Beauty, by ſuppoſing all that which is thought Handſome in Bodies to be the Shadows and Imitations of a real Decency, and not rather the Dreams of Imagination, and the Paint of our own Opinion. For 'tis not that which we behold, but what we imagine to ourſelves, that we are in *Love* with. Tell me if you can, whence it comes to paſs, that the ſame Face is of ſo mutual a Beauty, as to cauſe an Averſation in others when they meet it, which to you Tranſcends the Beauty of the Stars? Whence is it, that ſome are mightily inamour'd with the ſoft and hypocritical Reſemblance of the other Sex, and others again are more taken with the ſomewhat more than Maſculine Horror of an *unpoliſh'd* Countenance? Whence is it, that to ſome, what is ſo little as almoſt to eſcape the Sight, is the more acceptable, under the notion of Delicacy and Prettineſs; and to others again, that which is Ample and *fills* the Eyes, ſeems the only comely and majeſtick Object? Why, the changeable Colour of a pretty Face, like Pidgeons Necks, borrows an Imaginary Beauty which it has not, from various Aſpects, and Diverſity of Poſtures.

I'll deliver my Thoughts with Freedom: Whatever that Appearance is which feeds the Eyes, 'tis either Imaginary, and of ſuch a Nature, that we muſt needs loſe it when awaken'd out of our ſweet Dream; or if Real, 'tis unworthy to terminate our Souls, and ſhould only provoke, inform, and ſend them farther. How can that ſtrike ſo gratefully on the Mind, which the Eye only enjoys, and knows not how to communicate? For the Contagion of no Beauty, except that of the Mind, is ſo great, as to tranſcribe it ſelf on the Beholder, as on Water, or a Looking Glaſs. It muſt ſome way reſemble God and our own Souls, that is, be Incorporeal, whatſoever does but Sojourn in our Minds, much leſs is Adopted by the Affections. Although even that very Air of the Body, of how little Force ſoever, be alſo ſomething Immaterial, and like the Soul, rules at large, *All in all, and all in every part.* 'Tis eaſily to be ſeen, there is ſome Efflux, Ray, and I know not what Vigour, either of the Soul, or of an Idea, which running through all the Actions, diffuſes it ſelf throughout every Member, and aſſimulating all things to it ſelf, collects the *Syſtem* of Graces into the Face, where they ſettle, as in their Center.

Here the Boy *Cupid* keeps his Court, inthron'd in the *Metropolis* of Beauty: Here he *plays* with the Beholders, *kindles* his Darts from the wanton Flaſhes of Eyes, and hurles living Flames. Here indeed *Love* plays in his Minority, but when grown to Maturity, he changes both his Camp and Artillery, firſt ſeating himſelf in the middle Region between the Mind and the Body, the *Aſpect*, he ſports Innocently in the Confines of both. But by and by he advances up to the Soul, and enjoys a pure and *ſeraphick* Flame, or deſcends to the Body, and like a *Meteor* deceives with a groſs and fallacious Blaze. And, to uſe no more under-

valuing Invectives, this one thing abundantly Confirms the Infelicity of this Paſſion, that it has always more Influence on the Abſent than the Preſent, and that the Sight or Embrace of a Body does always drive us either to Loathing or Madneſs. What God is this which Chaſtiſes the Madneſs of Erring *Cupid* with his own Deſires? Who is it Compels him ſtill to Languiſh for what he enjoys moſt of all, and ſo Paſſionately to refuſe what juſt now he more paſſionately Long'd for? He proteſts theſe were not the Joys he Sought for, but that while he ſtood Unreſolv'd what he ſhould deſire, and followed the Conduct rather of his Eyes than Judgment, he Lighted upon them by a Blind and unthinking tendency. But becauſe theſe are the Shadows of that which the Mind hankers after, She wings away preſently to them, like a Bird deceiv'd with painted Grapes, but with them, as with *Phantaſtick* Food, She's rather Tormented than Fed. I muſt nevertheleſs acknowledge (ſince they who harangue moſt ſharply againſt it, feel the Influence more Vehemently than they Deny it) that theſe Shadows of Beauty will beget alſo Shadows of *Love*. And as in the Soul we adore the Similitude of God, ſo do we a certain Shadow of him in the Body; in both we worſhip a Deity under a Type, and by an ignorant Devotion become Courtiers of Divinity. For there's the ſame Proportion between the Mind of God, as between the Eye and Sun; from whoſe Light it gains thus much, that it ſees, and that it neither delights nor is able to ſee any thing elſe without the Sight of him, and yet can't endure to behold the Fulneſs of his Luſtre; and therefore loves to receive his Raies at ſecond Hand, to view the Image of his corrected Splendor, and to refreſh it ſelf with feeble Delights and Shadows. Whatever that is, (whether a Ray of God, or a Reflexion of an Idea, or an Efflux of the

Soul)

Soul) which under the ſhew of Beauty, captivates the Eyes and Mind, muſt be ſomething Divine, ſince 'tis the Priviledge of Man alone, to contemplate and be affected with Beauty.

Pardon me, if I alſo, Raviſh'd with the *Love* of Beauty, am carried beyond all Bounds, and leave even my Self behind, thro' the Extravagance of Tranſport. I am willing to abide here, when I find *Love* Inthron'd in the moſt Beautiful Part of the World in *Heaven.*

And now I can't forbear venting my Anger on thoſe Mortify'd and *Cynical* Ghoſts, (whoſe ſage Morals licenſe them to diſlike every thing) who condemn all the *Erratas* of Humanity as the Intemperance of ſolid Benevolence, who inveigh againſt this God *Cupid*, as the Ring-leader to all Luxury and Voluptuouſneſs, and the *Ingeneer* of all Tragick Intrigues and Villanies, whom we find our *Proxy* to gain us Immortality, and the Author of a divine Nature. This is the Reward of ſimple and barren *Love*, which it receives from its own Luxurious Bounty, (for where there is no Return of Gratitude, *Love* has the ſame Revenue with Liberality) it has repaid it ſelf. 'Tis an abundant Reward to have well deſerv'd. And yet there's a greater Reward than all this ſought after by *Love*, to be paid in Kind, when Souls growing warm together, intermingle Flames and Light, awaken'd by mutual Aliſion, (as one piece of Iron whets another) and cheriſh their Ardours by a reciprocal Propagation. They live to one another mutually, by an Exchange of Spirits, and in the Bottom of their Hearts, juſt as in that of Tranſparent Water, their Faces anſwer each other by Repercuſſion. Certainly nothing is more Sweet than to *Love*, or to be *Lov'd*, except this, to *Love*, and to be *Lov'd.*

For when our *Love* is unhappily misplac'd, and such Creatures are betroth'd to our Embraces, which either, by a certain Necessity of Nature, or, by their own Fault, are ingrateful: When with nuptial Solemnity, *Xerxes* embraces *Plato*, *Polydorus* a Statue, and *Lesbia* a Sparrow, not more wishing for than undergoing a Metamorphosis, and find the Poetical Fables verified in themselves, being all over animated with the Deity of *Love*, and by the *plastick* Power and *assimulating* Affinity of Affection, converted into Trees, Stones and Birds; 'tis not the least of all Felicity, (when there is no other way of Society, but that the same Person Personate a Companion to himself) to feign Dialogues, Answers, and Delights proper to ones Self, and so to Model our Happiness to our own, not anothers liking. Methinks it pleases me to see the not altogether fruitless Affection, return upon its Author, where that is the Refuge of Delight, which in Amours is esteem'd the Chiefest, to *love* again our own *Love*, and like the Sun enjoy our own Heat by Reflexion at least.

Neither does less Pleasure, but more Honour attend that other Lot, to be Belov'd. Whence Men more liberally court others Affections than they impart their own. For this is like Gods, to extend their Dominions in Mens Hearts, without the Pageantry of a Scepter. This displays the Greatness of our Fortunes and Virtues, and makes us oftener receive the officious Services of others, than perform any our selves. Thus the Trophies of your Excellencies become conspicuous according to the Number of Captive Clients, which follow your Triumph.

But when on both Sides there is an equal Contention of Officiousness, when there is a Duel of Courtesy, not with Complemental Ostentation, but with the highest Shame of Yielding, and Fear of less Obliging,

liging, then ariſes that Parity of Reciprocal Benevolence which *Ariſtotle* Honours with that well known Name, though of rare Inſtance, *Friendſhip*. *Venus* felt theſe Reciprocal Tides at her Birth, and ſo continues a *Flux* and *Reflux* of Affliction. That Equality which that *Leveller* Juſtice has been a long Time to no Purpoſe endeavouring with her Sword and Ballance, *Love*, with Eaſe, introduces into the World, ſince it always finds Equals, or makes them ſo. Sometimes the Diſtances of Fortune and Merit, cut off the Bands of Friendſhip, oftener than thoſe of Place. *Jupiter* muſt deſcend to the Earth, and put off the Rays of his Divinity, if he be minded to enjoy the Embraces of Mortals: And ſo he did; nay, for fear leſt he ſhould not be familiar and deſpicable enough, he degraded himſelf below a Man, into a *Brute* Deity, and ſo procured himſelf eaſy Admiſſion, ſooner by Contemptibleneſs than Majeſtick Horror. *If you will be Reverenced*, Sextus, *I ſhan't* Love *you*. The Story of *Semele* ſufficiently informs us, what a great and *proud* Puniſhment it is, to *endure* the Society of a God. The Moral's good. An officious Cringing to great Perſonages, ſweet only to the Unexperienced, comes nearer to a Flattery than Benevolence, and is always ſuſpected, as an inſinuating Art of Beſpeaking more than we Offer. 'Twas your Ambition which you brought hither, not your Sincerity, ſo that you deſerve a Place among my Servants, not among my Friends. Now therefore we are at an equal Pitch, when I diſappoint you of your hoped for Dignity, as you would have brought me down from mine. Yet ſometimes we find humble Superiours, *ambitious* of Condeſcenſion, chuſing a Reflection upon their *Scutcheon*, before a Diminution of their *Courteſy*. *Alexander* acts no longer the Emperor's Part, and loſes thoſe Titles in *Love* which he had won in Conqueſt. But he loſes them with

greater

greater Glory to *Hepheſtion*, content that *Hepheſtion* might be King, ſo that himſelf might be a Part of his Kingdom. He makes over all thoſe Honourable Courtſhips which he receiv'd from others, to *Hepheſtion*; while he ſerves his *Hepheſtion*, he ſeems to enlarge his Territories, and to enjoy another World. We all acknowledge *Love* to be a ſweet and reſtleſs Deſire of pleaſing them, who (either by Accident or their own Virtues, or laſtly our own Miſtake) have any way gratifi'd us. It matters not much, as in Life, ſo in Friendſhip, whate'er is the Origin of the Heat. It enlivens the Heart with a nevertheleſs durable and daily Motion. The importunate Votary reſolving to tire or overcome you, or endear and pleaſe you, heaps one good Turn upon another, and when there is no more Room for his Officiouſneſs, he ſerves with empty Endeavours, and looking ſtill like one doing good, obliges by his very well-meaning Countenance. He cautiouſly Fathoms the Inclinations of his Friend, by heedful Experiments, and for the very ſollicitous Fear of Diſpleaſing, deſerves to pleaſe. He thinks it of great Uſe ſometimes to have diſpleas'd, that ſo he may either hate or correct his Behaviour. For to be as much like him as poſſible, is all one he thinks with being Good and Happy. Wherefore he feels his Pulſe more Scrupulouſly than a Phyſician, examines the moſt inward Motions of his Breaſt, ſerves him upon ſtrong Preſumptions, and executes his Wiſhes, ſcarce yet known to himſelf, before they Diſcompoſe him with the firſt *Qualms* of a *Breeding* Deſire. Neither will he ever ſatisfy himſelf, though he has the other abundantly, that it may appear he indulges his Officious Inſtinct, not with a Deſign of Inſinuation, but for the bare Pleaſure of ſerving, as if by the *Predeſtination* of Nature, he were *mark'd out* for a Slave to this one Perſon.

You

You ſhall know (ſince you are ſo Inquiſitive) that there is a Pedigree and Origine of *Love*, as well as Life. There is an Order and mutual Reſpect between ſome, either inſtituted by Nature, or voluntarily under taken; and this again is either among Perſons of like or unlike Diſpoſitions, which occaſions the Union of ſome, and the Diſſociation of others. But as for that Tye of Blood, 'tis a more Contingent thing; ſuch as argues no Merit of Benevolence, which becauſe Obtruded upon our unconſenting Breaſts, we did not admit, but unknowingly ſuſtain. And now it brings as much of Burthen with it as Neceſſity, and what is Worſe, this *Lottery* of Birth impoſes upon us a Neceſſity of Honouring, even the moſt wicked and vile Perſons; and what's more againſt the Hair yet, it exacts every where an equal and common Rate of Affection, according to the Cuſtom of Countries, ſuch as muſt not be diminiſhed, and yet can't well be improv'd higher. Pardon me ye Ghoſts of my Kindred, if I adore the Name of a *Friend*, as far more Sacred than that of *Parent*. We indeed own all that to *Love*, which, by the Hereditary Error of an eaſy Piety we aſcribe to our *Parents*. For it happens from their own mutual *Love*, not from any Kindneſs to us (whom they knew not they ſhould produce but from the Oracle) that we enjoy the Benefit of this Light. And we with as little Natural Kindneſs for them rejoice to ſee the Light not our Parents, and being as ignorant of them as they were before of us, are apt to beſtow our prejudic'd Embraces on any elſe (as if they were our Parents, or might as well have been) with a fond Innocency. So much Philoſophy we may learn from that little Age, that we are not ſo much the Offspring of a Man as of Mankind, and Born to all in common, and that Nature ſhould ſhare in our *filial* Gratitude. Neither are Domeſtick Friendſhips kindled and

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cheriſhed by Nearneſs of Blood, but Converſation, and the ſweet Society in Calamities and Errors, together with Congratulations ariſing from common Miſeries. I am much miſtaken if *Lovers* be not nearer of Kin to one another, and engaged in ſo much the ſtraiter Bond, by how much Reaſon exceeds Nature, and the Force of my own Choice is more prevalent, than that of Conſanguinity. For 'tis the Sweetneſs of conforming to ones own Laws, which makes every Man ſo conſtantly *Loyal* to himſelf. But when Nature and Choice ſhall both conſpire, with how prone and eaſy Inſtinct does that Affection move the Mind, which flows from Nature and Will link'd together in a *ſilent* Conſent! If it be our Lot to be Born and Educated to the *Love* of any Perſon, (Nature and ſtudious Care contributing to Faſhion us after his Pattern) if the Stars of any mingled their Lights before in ſociable and friendly Conjunctions, if the Species of any be Congenial and Innate to us from our Nativity (for Nature does ſometimes, either for Knowledge or Defence, like Breeding Mothers, imprint ſome Marks on the Members) how greedily do we imbibe their Aſpects, as familiar to us from the Cradle, and more certainly known than by a long Converſation! How do we re-demand this Image, as a Piece ſnatch'd from our own Souls! How do we ſwallow down the Breath and Voice of this Perſon like Vital Air! How do we run together with an indeliberate Propenſion, without the Ceremony of kind Salutations, like *Lovers* after Abſence or Divorce, renewing their Careſſes! Thus, theſe Souls, involv'd all over in a *Voluntary* Slavery, engage in a mutual League, not tarrying who ſhall give the firſt *Love*-ſtroke. Juſt like thoſe who ſwear to, and ſign Bonds without Reading them, and yet can never diſſolve the Sacred Tye, nor Cancel their Solemn, though Inconſiderate Engagement. 'Tis

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anothers Conſent and not their own, which Ratifi'd theſe Engagements, ſo that they have made over the Liberty of conſenting, nay, the whole Right of themſelves, to the Power and Pleaſure of another.

But, O *Cupid*, the leaſt of Gods, and greateſt of Deities, I ſhould think it leſs than your Deſerts (if yet there could be any thing greater) that you are Deifi'd by thoſe bold Philoſophers the Poets. You have this Property of a God, to be unknown, and to receive Homage from Men. You have this alſo of a God, to govern Men with a ſilent Influence, that they may yield to your Motions, tho' not underſtood by them, or elſe draw them by Compulſion. To the Beck of whoſe Majeſty all contrary Paſſions pay Allegiance and Attendance. As often as you are diſpoſed to divert your ſelf, the moſt high flown Pride ſtrikes Sail, the moſt daring Courage trembles at the lucid Darts of an Eye, Covetouſneſs it ſelf turns Prodigal, in a Voluntary Oblation of rich Preſents, and the ſuddenly Eloquent illiterate Heir now no longer Buys Poems with their Poets, but himſelf becomes inſpired and Compoſes. And to paſs over with Religious Silence, your other Divine Attributes, that you are a Circle, Eternal, Immenſe, and that you engroſs all that Office of Providence, to preſide over, and to preſerve; this one Thing confirms in me the Belief of your Divinity, that your only Religion ſtrikes an Awe into the moſt Prophane. They ſo manage their Courtſhip, as if they were performing ſome Religious Rite. They look Paſſionately, view their Habit Curiouſly, and compoſe themſelves to all the Solemnity of Reverence. And to what End is all this? That they may addreſs themſelves to their Miſtreſs as to an Altar. Nay more, that they may be Decent even when Abſent. For, whom we *Love*, we fancy always Preſent, the Judge of our Actions, the Supplier of Virtuous and

Ingenious Thoughts, the Prosperer of all our Heroick Undertakings. Whom the Sailor Supplicates for a Calm, the Traveller for a safe Return, the Soldier for Victory and Booty, out of which he may make her a Present. Well, henceforth let it be permitted to *Lovers*, to compliment one another with Metaphors fetch'd from Heaven, to court in the Sacred *Dialect* of Religion.

Neither do I think any one can Envy at the Divinity of so mild a God, whose Anger may be appeas'd without Slaughter, who does not, like other Gods, require Beasts, but only chearful Votaries for Sacrifice, and that he may not want Temples, Erects Flaming Altars in Human Breasts. Nay, the little God himself being converted into Fire, by a continual Supply of Flames, takes Care for his Worship. 'Tis certainly so; as often as I see the pensive *Inamorato* venting his Passion in deep-fetch'd Sighs, he minds me of the Fire which is immured in a Cloud, redoubling Murmurs and Thunders, and at last expiring in a Fume. As often as I see him bedew'd with the *Sweat* of Tears, and boiling over with Groans, I call to Mind the Flames of *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*, breaking out among the Flames of Snow and Ashes: Or, methinks I see the great *Chasms* in the Mid-Sea, occasion'd by the Eruption of Fire. As often as the short-liv'd Fire of a Counterfeit Passion, displays it self in Imaginary and *Scenical* Flames, I then consider in Man fictitious Blazes, Fires resembling those of the Cœlestial Lamps, *Meteors* of Affection. Again, *Love* in this respect resembles Fire, in that it serves only to the Benefit of Men, and the Worship of the Gods. Again, in that it heats and inlightens our Fancies, insomuch that *Apollo* as well as *Bacchus* owes his Rise to the Flames of *Love*. Again, in that it Rages against the *Bars* of Opposition, gathers new Strength from Allays and Impediments,

pediments, and is fomented by Injuries and Provocations, as Fire by the Aſperſions of Water. Then as to the Properties of the Ethereal Fire, it Burns and Refreſhes, is Immortal without Fuel, Self-ſufficient, (for *Love* is content with it ſelf, being its own Reward) it is Inviolable, not to be polluted by the Contagion of Filthineſs, expiating and purging the Crimes, which it cannot admit, equalling the Virgin-excellency of the Veſtal Flames. Laſtly, it has this one Quality more of the Cœleſtial Fire, that for the Security of the Univerſe, it has obtain'd a Supremacy of Station, that 'tis ſeated in the top of all, guarding and encloſing the Inferiour Paſſions. In this one thing the Parallel Halts; that it extends its Vital Influence beyond its Sphere, to the Production and Conſervation of Animals. Thus is *Love* Parallel'd with the two pureſt and moſt Powerful Things either above or under the Cœleſtial Arch, *God* and *Fire*.

But among all the Miracles of Myſterious *Love*, this is the moſt Confounding, that often-times in the Interior Parts of Men as well as of the Earth, there Glows a *Subterraneous* Fire, which ſpreads its Contagious *Fever*, without the leaſt outward *Symptom* of a Blaze. So that when we feel it burn, and yet can't give an Account how it came to be Kindled (unleſs any of us are of Opinion that the Flame was Congenial to the Breaſt, and upon the Conviction of this Experiment grant the Soul to be Fire) we deny it Burns at all. So loath are we to own our Ignorance by admiring at the unaccountable Harmony of Souls equal to that of the Spheres; when every one has contrary Motions of its own, and yet partakes of the ſame, as if govern'd by a certain common Intelligence. 'Tis our daily Wonder, whence the Strings of Hearts as well as thoſe of Lutes, mutually Sympathize with ſuch Conſent, that the Trepidations of the one are ſe-

conded with the correſpondent Tremour of the other. We ſtand amazed at the Surprizing Symphony, unknown even to the Muſician, and ſwear theſe Strings were heretofore taken out of, or now Skrew'd to an Uniſon, in the ſame Entrails. We'll grant the Phyſicians their Paradox, that *Motion is only a certain Conſent in Bodies* (a no ſmall Advantage to their Art) being well aſſured it holds true in Souls.

Neither let us any longer doubt to affirm with *Plato*'s Gueſt, that *Love* is a Magician. For how do Souls kindle and conceive Seeds of *Love*, with a ſecret Touch? How do *Lovers*, like Inchanters, burn and melt the diſſolving Hearts of Men, by Images and Repreſentations? How do Beautiful Eyes, like thoſe of the *Baſiliſk*, Inchant the greedy Beholder, Inſinuating and Interweaving their Rays with his, till they knit *Love*-knots, and manacle him, looking backwards with Chains of Embraces? What elſe were thoſe ſoft Allurements by which *Endymion* charm'd the Moon out of her Orb? What elſe are thoſe enticing Groans but Magick Murmurs, *Philters* of Diſcourſe, and Amours of Numbers? What elſe but Charms of Horror, which with a Blaſt of Air, ſtrike Aſtoniſhment into the Hearers? What elſe are *Love*-tokens but Spells, which inſtill a ſweet Poiſon into thoſe who wear them? I know not whether the powerful Attractions of the Perſons Lov'd, deſerve my Admiration, more than the Magick Figures of the *Lovers* obſequious Poſtures, and inchanting Blandiſhments, againſt which, there is not, as in other Inchantments, the Remedy of a *Counter-charm*; neither indeed, would we unbewitch our ſelves if we could, or reſiſt the pleaſing Methods of our Ruin. Truly, all the Force of Magick is in *Love*, which is ſaid to have the miraculous Power of attracting Things mutually together, and changing their Natures: Becauſe

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the Parts of the World, like the Members of a great Animal depending on the ſame Author, and the Communion of the ſame Nature, are joyn'd together by one Spirit, informing the whole; and which is the moſt certain Sign of Union, are collected into a Globe, ſo that one Part returns upon the other in a continual Round. 'Tis by reaſon of this Confederacy, and ſecret Commerce of Things, that by the mutual Attraction of Souls, *Love*, like a Diſeaſe contracted by Contagion, invades chiefly the Healthy, who yet by and by moſt willingly yield to the ſweet Evil. And then the voluntary Captive more ſtraitly hugs his ſoft and ſilken Fetters, then he is held by them, and does as little underſtand the Embraces which he Enjoys as the Chain it ſelf.

Methinks I feel the reſtleſs Calentures of *Lovers*, more clearly than I deſcribe them, and ſeem to act my own Argument before I deliver it. I remember heretofore when I was ſlightly deluded with Dreams and Images, and ſcarce knew what I ſought after, I more truly endured the various Tides of my but newly raging Paſſion, than I decypher'd them. How did the firſt Glance of my Miſtreſs, not with a rude Image, but only the Shadow of it, colour my Blood, faſhion my Thoughts, fix an Impreſſion on my Soul, print my Mind with her own Characters, laſtly, ſeize the whole Man, and aſſimulate me to herſelf! And yet there appear'd in my diſtemper'd Breaſt, no otherwiſe than in a troubled Fountain, only an obſcure and uncertain Form and Shadow, ſuch as is feign'd to inhabit the Regions of Death, Languid and Shy, Flying all Approaches, and ſlipping through an Embrace. By and by lifting up a little the Veil of *Cupid*, and viewing with the Greedineſs of a Wooer the Divine Form of my juſt taſted Felicity, my Ignorance (as all almoſt is) Reſtleſs and Inquiſitive, made me curi-

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ous of examining every Particular; as what Manners, what Dowry, what Seat, what Deſcent? For this uſes to be firſt and laſt in the Cares and Joys of *Lovers*, as to recollect the firſt ſportful Eſſays and Rudiments of their Amours, ſo to make Enquiry into the Years and Honours of their Parents, and to *unravel* their Friendſhip, back to its noble Beginnings.

Although it be a Sign of Greatneſs and Antiquity, and has procured Religious Reverence to many things, to have their Originals beyond the Date of Chronicles, ſeal'd up to Oblivion, as to Eternity; 'twill be no Crime, I hope, to relate and adore the Beginnings of *Love*; which is ſo happily obſcured by that Conſecrator of Things, Antiquity, that like Heaven, it has found a Fabulous Origin. I hear ſome telling me of *Præludiums* of *Love*, which Souls act in the *Proſceniums* of the other World, before they enter upon the *Stage* of this. I hear that Souls deſcended from the Stars of their Nativity, ſtill imitate their Manners and Conjunctions. That as often as the wantonly diſpoſed Planets treat one another with Quintile Aſpects, and burn with a nearer Flame, then 'tis wooing time among Men. That as often as they mingle Embraces with their *Conjugal* Rays, then they kindle Marriage Torches here below. And laſtly, that they do not only ſhew us Mortals the Way and proſper us in it, but alſo make Matches, and Betroth us here on Earth. But to leave this fanciful Argument, my Philoſophy aſſures me, 'tis not the Heat of Heaven, but that Native one of the Breaſt, which congregates *Homogeneous* Things, and inflames Men with an ardent Love of Society, either out of a Zeal for themſelves, or out of a Deſire to ſuccour Infirmity, or a Deſign of Self-communication.

The firſt of theſe, Nature has imparted to every one, as a Tutelar Deity to each in Particular, and as

a common Soul to all in General. Whence whatſoever reſembles any Part of a Man's Self, becomes ally'd to him on the ſcore of that Similitude. Hence Superiours are wedded to Inferiours, in a mutual Relation. Theſe ſtraitly embrace the other, as their Pattern and Defence. The other protect theſe as their Utenſils and Workmanſhip. But the eaſieſt Aſſociation is between Equals, becauſe free from the unconſidering Awe which attends a Superior Fortune, and the Jarrings and untunable Diſpoſitions. Whoever are confederate, by the Communion of Nature, Enjoy ſo much the more Pleaſure in their Converſation, becauſe they were moſt cloſely united, even before any Perſonal Contract.

But if any ſuppoſe that Companions are repair'd to, as a Defence of Weakneſs, that to *Love*, is a Kind of Begging, and that the Embraces of Men, like thoſe of the Vine and Ivy, only ſeek out ſtronger Props for their Support: Let him Obſerve, that for the Patronage of this Infirmity, *Love* is feign'd to be a Boy, and that Children and Women, and whatſoever is of the infirmer Sort, are moſt prone to *Love*. Let him Obſerve, that Virtues themſelves are ſought for by Mankind, only among the Neceſſaries of Life, and that they are either Inſtruments of Ambition, or Reliefs of Indigence. Let him know, that all the Terms of Alliance, are indeed Words which import Succour, and that, by thoſe Things which we honour with the moſt Sacred Titles, are underſtood only the various Commodities of Life. Theſe are the Things (to confeſs the Truth) which we moſt lovingly call by the Name of Brothers, Siſters, and Parent. Neither is a Friend eſteem'd any thing better than an *Aſylum* of Refuge, and a proper Poſſeſſion.

Laſtly, if we ſuppoſe Men to be moved by a Fermented Appetite of Self-Communication, and after

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the Example of God, whoſe Image they bear, to make a *Donative* of themſelves; we ſhall think, what's more noble in its ſelf; and what's more worthy of that Sacred and Sociable Creature; and what comes neareſt to the Genius of Heaven, more freely to impart, than receive the Influence. For every Man, as other Creatures are made for him, ſo he is Born, for more than himſelf only, and accordingly is ambitious of accomodating himſelf to others. As much as every one is aſhamed to confeſs his Penury, ſo much does he delight to ſhew himſelf Rich, by communicating his Goods, rather than deſire the Alms of another. Hence we ſee ſome Souls covetous of doing Good, call in, and adopt Aſſociates to ſhare with them in their Felicity, and take it as a great Kindneſs to themſelves to have an Occaſion given them of Beneſiting others. So that 'tis a greater Pleaſure to have a Friend in your Proſperity, when you are in a Capacity to give, than in your Adverſity, when you muſt always be on the receiving Hand. My own Planet has not been ſuch a Niggard to me, that I ſhould want Experiments of this Liberality, or ſhould need a Proof elſewhere. Nay, even this very Acknowledgment of my Gratitude condemning it ſelf, becauſe a Favour is more joyfully beſtow'd, than either receiv'd or repaid, does ſufficiently evidence, that the Genius of Human Nature has preſcrib'd it ſelf this ſole Way of doing Good, and out of *Magnificence* of Spirit, has rejected the Laws of Gratitude. Since the Former proceeds from Fulneſs of Mind, the Latter is extorted by Neceſſity. In the Former, there's the Glory and State of a Superiour, in the Latter, the Reverence and Modeſty of an Inferiour. He Errs, even to Pitty, dazled with the Splendour of a more Glorious Fortune, who cannot *endure* a Kindneſs; neither does he act ingratefully, nor proudly, but only, magnificently

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bent in ſpite of his *unperforming* Fortune, and refuſing to yield in the Combat of Generoſity, declares he would rather have been the Author of the Kindneſs, which he had more munificently beſtow'd in Wiſh, before he receiv'd it. When therefore you ſee ſome born to ſerve, others to cheriſh and defend; you turn over both the Leaves, not ſo much of Fortune, as of Nature and Benevolence. But you ſhould confeſs them ſuperiour and more liberal, who beſtow the Man, than thoſe, who with a cheap Munificence permit an Effuſion of their Goods. So that either way, the Fire of *Love* does more willingly deſcend, than aſcend. Nay, this Paſſion always deſcends, (ſince 'tis the part of the more Excellent and Noble, to *Love)* and in a prone Channel, is propagated through the Degrees of Alliance, as Man himſelf is.

For there is the ſame Method, and Procedure in the Growth of Friendſhip, as in the Conſtitution of Kingdoms. The Heat, firſt paſſing through the Channels of the Blood, creeps out of his own private Encloſure, into Families; then the Vein burſting, as it were, with an eager Fermentation, it expatiates farther to Allies and Fellow Citizens. For we muſt return to them, (leſt we ſhould ſeem to be more concern'd for the Dignity of *Love*, than for Truth, or be liable to Blame, for inſtituting other Meaſures of *Loving*, than what are popularly receiv'd, and for ſteering right againſt the Stream) who propoſe us to our ſelves as Patterns, yea, and Cauſes of *Love*. For this is the Merit of Benevolence, earneſtly to wiſh well to ones ſelf. This is the very Deſign of a *Lover*, to recover himſelf loſt in another, to cheriſh himſelf with the kindly Heat, and by a certain Vital Energy, to covet all into his own Nouriſhment. So that 'tis no wonder, that Virtue, which enjoyns a Neglect of our ſelves, ſuffers her ſelf a greater Diſregard from the

World. However, let us not think it a Shame to be belov'd, as if this were to be mock'd, and neglected, under the pretence of Officiouſneſs. You muſt know, that every one *loves* ill, but he that loves himſelf; and none in loving themſelves, deſign their own Advantage, although by loving, they profit themſelves by Accident. All Self-*Love*, therefore, is a generous Thing, by which we kindly affect, whatever we are, or would be, as what is, or what ſhould be allyed to us. All of us are ſo touch'd with that Ambition of ſome (who inſert the Arms and Honours of their Anceſtors, among their own Titles) that by a Corruption of Heraldry, we adopt whatever is Excellent, in the Table of our own Kindred. So that the emulous Cities contend about the Praiſes of *Homer*, in an unreconcileable War, as if for the Enlargement of their Territories. Hence the Splendour of Virtue, which is the cheifeſt Security of Mortals, next of Self-*Love*, kindles thoſe of taking Diſpoſitions at the firſt Flaſh; and that which adores the Deity, is adored it ſelf. Whoſe Power is ſuch, that there is none of ſo deſperate Impiety, who is not in his Wiſh, and Approbation, I had almoſt ſaid Mind too, Good; who would not but have exerciſed that Virtue, which as yet he does not; and who does not heartily embrace that Virtue in another, wherein himſelf has been deficient.

Whither does this firſt Impulſe, not of Nature only, but Reaſon carry us? Cheated with a Voluntary Impoſture, we fall proſtrate, before not only Virtue, but any thing which bears the leaſt Shadow or Appearance of it. Sometimes the Difficulty (which guards the Path of Virtue, with a Sacred Horror, and keeps off the prophane Rabble) puſhes us forward, and intices with its endearing Injuries. The Honey of Lips, gains a more exquiſite Reliſh from the Interpoſals of Stings. To watch at the Window of a Miſtreſs,

Miſtreſs, to ſuffer a Repulſe from a meaner Rival, or to be diſrepectfully uſed, are all but Spurs to future Pleaſure, like as ſqueezing the Hand, and wounding the Lip, with the eager Rudeneſs of a biting Kiſs. Sometimes Rarity (which through the Sloth of the Age, ſeems almoſt peculiar to Virtue) recommends Monſters to our Fancy, and all outlandiſh Deformity.

'Tis well known alſo, how prevalent are thoſe Allurements of *Lovers*, which are Rank'd among the chiefeſt Shadows of Virtues; Praiſes, which are dearer to Women than their Looking-Glaſs, or Box of Perfumes, with which, as with Incenſe, Men as well as Gods are appeas'd. How eaſy is it by this Art to pleaſe both our ſelves and others! How eaſy is it by theſe precious Blandiſhments, to pleaſe the moſt chaſte Matron! For all, even the moſt modeſt, love to be commended, and thoſe who refuſe to be *lov'd*, are yet ambitious of appearing Lovely. Both are Arguments of a Mind virtuouſly diſpoſed, though to praiſe, be a more certain one, than to be prais'd: For to be prais'd is frequently the *Lot*, always the *Ambition*, of the moſt undeſerving, as deformed Perſons covet Paint. But none can praiſe, and himſelf not be laudable. He does the ſame, or would do, who approves, and is illuſtrated from the Excellencies of another: As he that erects a Statue to the Memory of a Hero, erects alſo at the ſame Time to himſelf, a Monument of Virtue. For this ſeems an high Flight of Merit, not to exerciſe Virtues, but what's more, to reverence and adore them. Theſe are thoſe Darts of *Cupid*, which are pointed with his Feathers, which while they tickle, wound the deeper, and like Arrows deliver'd ſtrongly, and at a Diſtance, reach thoſe who are moſt remov'd from us. But to make flattering Preambles, and bribe Benevolence, (the uſual Art of Rhetoricians and *Lovers*) ſeems all one to me, as to dawb the

Lips with Paint, preparatively to embrace, which always inſtills a ſweet Poyſon, and inſenſibly corrodes the Kiſſes.

So much are we Men the *Creatures* and Glory of Virtue, that I fear 'twould not be ſo much for our Honour to confeſs, that among Virtues, we embrace them moſt which are profitable. Whether they be thoſe which exerciſe and invite Humanity, as Modeſty and Equity; or thoſe which preſide over and protect it, as Fortitude and Munificence. Which, when we our ſelves are no way advantaged by them, we gratulate in the Behalf of others. But as Emulation, ſo Munificence endears our Affections to other Virtues; although its Excellence be ſo much the greater, by how much the Receiver is leſs deſerving. Becauſe then the Kindneſs is wholly to be aſcribed, not to the Judgment, but Favour of the Benefactor, and becauſe for our Sakes he would run the Hazard of being *reproachfully* Beneficial. This Liberality is no ſooner above the Horizon, but that other which is inbred in the Heart of Mankind, ſhines parallel to it. And altho' perhaps at firſt, by an Erroneous Eſtimation, it valued the Giver, for the Sake of his Gifts, yet afterwards it values the Gifts for the Author, whoſe Parental Indulgence extended it ſelf beyond the Partition-wall of his own Family, and adopted a Stranger with the ſame domeſtick Affection, as an Ally into his *Hoſpitable* Boſom. Here over-loaded Gratitude faints, and finding it ſelf uncapable of returning any thing, beſides the Man, repays its Patron as a Deity, with the bare Votary. And truly, in my Opinion, he betrays no ſuch generous Ardour of Mind, who returns Benefits as Debts; and *pays* Gifts, that they may quit Scores; and that Accounts may be kept even on both Sides as if they were dealing only in a more liberal way of Uſury. 'Tis not Affection, but Pride, which

makes

makes a Man ſo impatient of lying under an Obligation: This is not to receive, but retort Kindneſs: This is with more Diſdain, than Gratitude, to boaſt Riches, in a Contention of Munificence. But ſince true Benefits aim at nothing but a kind Reception, he only knows how to be a *liberal* Receiver, who candidly interprets, and retaliates nothing but a grateful Mind. Neither does he think this any valuable Return of his own Liberality, but only the Pledge of anothers. But leſt any ſhould think I inſinuate this as an Apology for my Incapacity, or Ingratitude, let him know that I have perſwaded my ſelf, that Friends give with that Candour, as if they paid only that they might owe, and return Gifts with ſuch Freedom, as thoſe that give of their own Accord. Theſe are Benefits, theſe are thoſe Arrows of *Cupid*, which with a Golden Point, gave a *Splendid* but *Faithful* Wound. More powerful truly is the Courtſhip of *Jupiter* under Gold than under Feathers, or the Rays of his Divinity. For Gifts are the Univerſal Character, whereas, 'tis the Talent only of ſome few, to underſtand the Idiom of Majeſty, and the ſoothing Flouriſh of a Rhetorical Pen.

Shall I now ſay, that from this gentle Humanity of Mind, proceeds a good-natur'd Commiſeration, which ſoftens the Breaſt like Wax, and then ſeals it with any Image? Or that from this Ampleneſs of Mind, flows that Proud Benignity, which while it ſeeks Occaſion to exerciſe Munificence, loves the miſerable even to Paſſion, and ſcorns the happy? Or ſhall I think, that from hence ariſes a generous Statelineſs, which is more ambitious of bow'd Knees and Heads than Embraces; and loves, only on this *Magnificent* Condition, that it be not lov'd again? Or rather ſhall I term this a ſoft Modeſty, like to theirs, who can endure to Eye another, till he look back upon them?

And

And now we confeſs with thee, *Plato*, the divineſt of all Philoſophers, a wonderful Scene of *Love*, diſplay'd throughout the whole Body, where Virtue expoſes her ſelf to View, where the Candour of the Mind tempers the Blood with a milky Whiteneſs; and Modeſty dyes the Cheek with a ſweet Vermilion; where the liberal Forehead *hoſpitably* entertains the Beholders, and the Glances of the Eye are gather'd up like ſcatter'd Gems; where you may perceive the *Diſcipline* of a compoſed Countenance, gravely checking and allaying thoſe Sparks which it kindled in you by its Beauty. Where you may obſerve the Dictates of a quick apprehending Aſpect, and imbibe *tacit* Leſſons of Prudence; where you may ſee regularly diſpoſed by a certain Ballance of Juſtice, the even Meaſures, as of Manners, ſo of the Limbs, and peruſe a living Syſtem of Ethicks with your Eyes; where, when you ſhall behold the lucid Members joynted to one another, like Gems, both for Ornament and Service, wondring a while at the compacted Strength of *ſolid* Beauty, you will cry out, Hither *Vulcan* with thy Nets! Behold, we have taken again *Mars* accompanying *Venus*! This is a Beauty worth the Empire of more than one World. Thanks be to *Jupiter* and his Eagle, that the Earth is not envy'd the Poſſeſſion of ſo great Beauty. Hence the divine *Plato* may with Rapture and Ecſtacy deduce Theorems of Philoſophy, and contemplate a fairer Idea with his Eyes, than ever he did with his Mind. *Socrates* may ſend his delicate Youth to trim themſelves at the ſuperlative Luſtre of this Face, as at a Looking-Glaſs. And here *Eudoxus* fallen from his Admiration of the Sun, may affirm Mankind was made on Purpoſe to view this Light, and feaſt on bright Pleaſures, tho' to the Loſs of their Eyes. There are more powerful Charms in the Aſpect of this Form, than in *Orpheus* his Lyre

to tame wild Beaſts and Philoſophers. This Splendour, more delightſome than Day-light, is fitter than the Sun to try and educate the Off-ſpring, not of Eagles only, but of Mankind too. I would almoſt ſwear, that our Souls deſcended from the Sky, as falling Stars, they are ſo enamour'd with all Brightneſs. Theſe are the Arrows of *Cupid*, pointed with the Light of Eyes, and ſparkling out Flames, which *Shine*, *Burn*, and *Wound*.

Thus whatſoever is excellent, whatſoever we would be like to, attracts us to it ſelf, with the ſame Ardour, as we do thoſe Things which we ſeem already to reſemble. We mutually crave, and give Pardon to this Madneſs of ours, which makes us do the ſame, when Men, as when Children, *viz.* To reach out to Kiſs our Pictures in Looking Glaſſes. 'Tis the Fate of all Mankind, as well as of *Narciſſus*, to be paſſionately in *Love* with their own Repreſentations. And 'tis but juſt, that we more zealouſly affect our other Self, than our Parents or Children, who are but Pieces of our Selves; or than the Artificer does his own Work, which is only the Product and Image of his Art. 'Tis an excuſable Greedineſs which prompts us to feed upon our like, ſince 'tis the Nature of our Souls, as well as Bodies, to require conſimilar Aliment. Wherefore I don't wonder at the bewitching Power of Cuſtom, which recommends to our Affections, not only Faces, but Places themſelves, and inanimate Trifles, as if they were our Companions. Whence the ſame Delay, which inſenſibly preys upon Beauty, adds alſo Grace to Deformity.

For the Eye and Mind tinctured with a Familiar Species, ſee no longer but through painted Glaſs, which takes off from the Horror of the Object. So alſo Familiarity, without which we are remote, even when preſent, adds this Force to Cuſtom, that it may form

form *Twin manners*, by a reciprocal Generation, beget a *Conſanguinity* of Diſpoſitions, and adapt Mind to Mind, till anothers Converſation is more ſweet and free to us than our own. What? 'Tis Torment, not Society, to be under a conſtant Fear of diſpleaſing, to compoſe all things to the worſt of Looking-Glaſſes, that of a Face, (ſince we can't to the others Mind) to order our Commerce with Reverential Concern, to weigh our Words like Gold, before we deliver them, to preſent our ſelves at a ſet Meeting with premeditate Geſture, and then, there to behave our ſelves, as in a Theatre.

But why do I mention thoſe conſimilar Species, which either Nature, Art, or Cuſtom, ſlightly imprints on our Minds? When 'tis *Love* which gives all theſe a lively Stamp, by whoſe Power alone (the Soul having long ſince took her leave) they are actuated and enliven'd. Happy is it for *Lovers*, that Perſons may *Love*, even againſt their Wills. Since your *Lover* is not only like, but the ſame with your ſelf, he has ſtolen away you from your ſelf unawares, and without your Leave. There is no need, that he demand Returns of Kindneſs, and Debts of *Love*. If this be nothing available with you, that he is your Image, your Slave, your proper Goods, that for your Sake, he parted with his Soul and Liberty; if you nothing dread the Crime of Cruelty and Murder, yet by the Neceſſity of Nature, *Love* kindles *Love*, Flame kindles Flame. Yet Nature would not grant *Love* the Power to counterfeit, or if counterfeit, to burn any otherwiſe than painted Fire. For though the Face, Aſpect, and Geſture, feign never ſo induſtriouſly, yet the Simulation will betray it ſelf, as all painted things do, either by a too emulous or a too remiſs Endeavour of Imitation. If you don't yet acknowledge that *Love* is the Price of a Man; yet at leaſt, that you

you may admit it to be ſo, under the ſordid Name of Benefit, know that it compriſes in it ſelf, all the Benefits which it beſtows, and which it cannot beſtow, and in Wiſh, more than all. Without which, I ſhall aſcribe the Benefits themſelves to Fortune, and Fate, not to Man; and ſhall think them rather *found* than *receiv'd*. By which alone the poor Man acts liberally, as often as he gives nothing, but wiſhes munificently. Than which nothing greater is either expected from, or render'd to Mortals, by the Gods. Here's a Philtre, of more Influence than any Herb. *If you will be lov'd, love.*

But as it betrays Meanneſs of Soul, to require and render Reaſons why we *love*, ſo that *Love* is more ingenuous, which like ſome Flowers, ſpring up without any Seed, and has this of Eternity, to exiſt without a Cauſe, and like Heaven, to be mov'd by an *inviſible* Intelligence. We find now, that the Similitude, whether manifeſt or occult, which goes under the Name of *Sympathy*, is all nothing elſe but *Love*. Whence without any Nearneſs or Familiarity, the nearer and familiar Soul cloſes faſt, and ſquares exactly to another. Juſt as Mathematicians ſay, one plain Body adheres to another, inſeparably united, only by the Cement of Conformity. Nature ſeems to bring forth *Twin-minds*, and to aſſign Mates to Souls, as Shadows, and Genius's to Bodies, or as Nymphs, coeval to their Trees. Hence, Men, in ſpite of their Aſcendant, undergo the ſame Stars and Fates, and in all Reſpects are Twins. O the unparallel'd Generoſity of theſe well-match'd *Lovers*, a more noble Spectacle than a Couple of Gladiators! Where the Duel of Liberality is all fought in Offices and mutual Kindneſſes. In this one Thing there is Diſcord in their Affections, that both being over ſollicitous for each other, are diſquieted with Hatreds and Fears. Both, as if

tinctur'd with each others Choler, ſee and judge the ſame. Both, as if touch'd with the ſame Loadſtone, tend to the ſame Point in all their Deſigns and Endeavours. The one repreſents the others Face, more faithfully than the Looking-glaſs. The one imitates the others Manners more punctually than a Paraſite. So that even he himſelf is not ſo much like himſelf.

While I was Scribling at this Rate, Cupid *ſnatch'd my Pen out of my Hand, and flew away with it.*

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the Commiſſion of this Book to the Preſs, there came to my Hand a Tranſlation (if it deſerve that Name) of *Effigies Amoris*, upon the Peruſal of which, I was ſo far from being induced to recall mine, that I found I had now a greater Reaſon than ever, to make it publick, *(viz)* the Vindication of the Excellent and much abuſed Author. The *Sacrilegious* Tranſlator is as much a Stranger to me, as he is to the Idiom of the *Latin* Tongue; and therefore, I ſhall deal more civilly with him, than to give any particular Inſtances of his Failures, and ſhall only ſay in general, That between Omiſſions and Miſtakes, the Author is utterly Loſt. I had not ſaid thus much, had I not thought my ſelf obliged to conſult the Author's Credit more than the Tranſlator's, leſt any ſhould Judge the Original Beauty by the Injurious Repreſentation of a falſe *Glaſs*.

JOHN NORRIS.

FINIS.

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